



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 36 – Number 10

February 2019

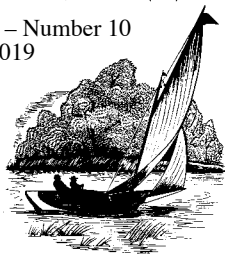
Highlight Features
This Issue
The Necessity of Struggle - Crew Overboard
Tiding's Great Adventure - Traveler - A Noble Spar
TriFoam 16 Build Part 3
Battery & Solar Module System



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Boating safety is a subject that is frequently raised when some recent boating mishap has resulted in newspaper headlines about “Boater drowns in...” It is a valid concern, of course, as it is so easy to take up some form of boating with little or no competence which will surely lead to some sort of safety issue. The safest boater is he or she who knows what they are doing and I have assumed that readers of our little non commercial magazine are knowledgeable about what they are doing in the boats of their choice. So safe boating articles seldom appear on our pages as they would sort of be “preaching to the choir.”

But in this issue reader Duncan Wright gives us an exhaustively researched discussion over five pages (starting on page 15) on “Crew Overboard, Rescue Using a Sailing Boat.” While, after so many years, I was familiar with much of what he has to say, I found it an engrossing read. Getting someone who has gone overboard back into a sailboat is a complex subject. What I liked about Duncan’s treatise was that it told in great detail how to deal with a real safety issue for sailors.

I’m not a particularly safety obsessed person myself. Today, the once almost universal sendoff on some adventure or other, “have a good time” or “happy holiday,” has been supplanted by the safety minded public with “have a safe time or a safe holiday.” Best wishes for enjoying an adventure have been replaced with a lecture to be (or stay) “safe.” In roughly 70 adult years so far I have indulged in activities widely regarded by those who do not so indulge as dangerous and have been often advised to “be careful,” if not downright advised to give up the presumed dangerous activity in the interest of enjoying a safer life. It never seemed to help by pointing out that I didn’t get to where I was at that point in my life by being careless. And here I am today still indulging myself in such activities while most of those who cautioned me along the way are no longer with us.

I, for one, don’t need to be urged to be safe. Nor do I need tools or equipment I may

have cause to use that are designed with protective devices that too often get in my way when I attempt to use them. These devices are intended to replace experience or good judgment in their use or, lacking them, the tools flaunt stickers in bold color telling me that it may be dangerous to do what I am about to do.

My attitude probably is a result of my generation (1930s-1940s) growing up in a day when kids were sent out to do things to learn how to do them without helicopter parents hovering over them to protect them from any danger. I was driving a truck and tractor on a local farm at age 14 and using farm machinery fraught with dangerous unprotected moving parts (try a sickle bar mower!). At 15 I worked a winter in the woods helping to fell trees with axe, two man saw and wedges, sawing them into 8’ lengths to truck to the woodshed on the estate I worked on and then sawing them into fireplace size on an unprotected open bladed “buzz saw” run by a flat belt off the brake drum of a jacked up farm truck. At 16 I went to work in a machine shop full of machine tools spinning and pressing and beating metal. By the time I got out of college and went to fulltime work, I had a lot of experience in taking care of my own safety.

Coming into small boats at around age 50 I found a whole new array of activities I had to learn how to do in order to be safe doing them. In general they were not so life or injury threatening as in my earlier years. Kayaking offered the most challenging safety issues (such as avoiding conditions and moves that could lead to capsizing).

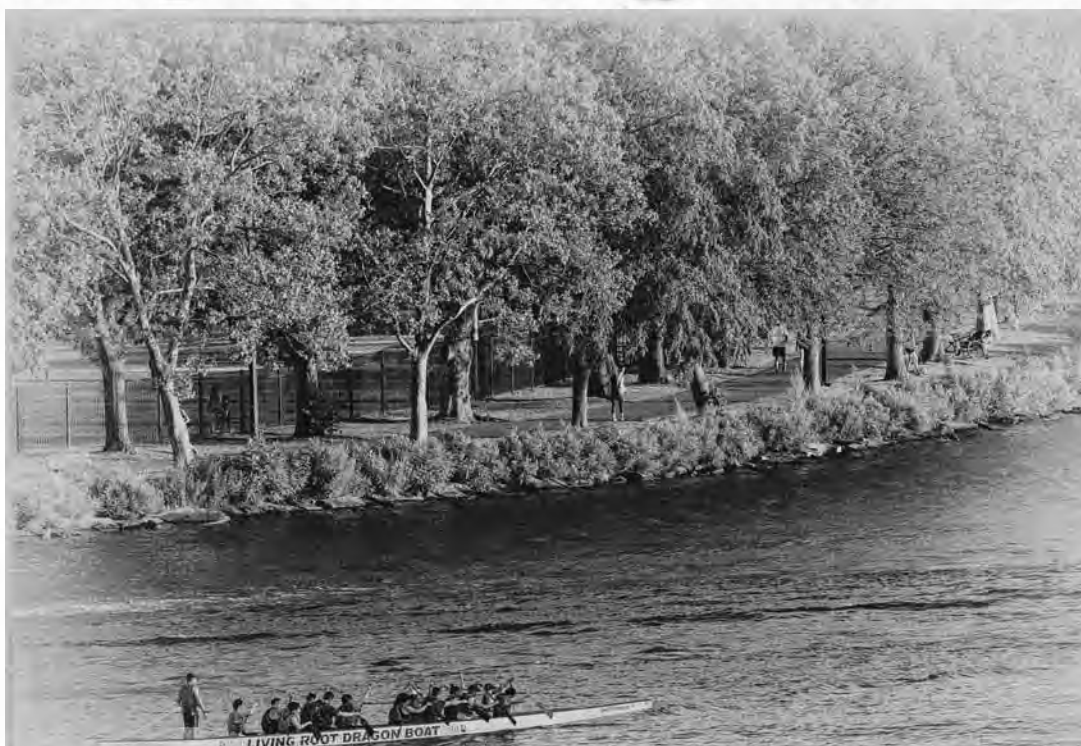
Nothing in my now close to 40 years messing about in boats has aroused the safety concerns of some who I encounter than my now 70 years of riding motorcycles, including 20 years in the ‘50s and ‘60s racing them. Viewing my survival now closing in on 90 they tell me that I am “lucky.” Nonsense, I reply, “I like to think I knew what I was doing.” That is the only effective way to be safe indulging in any chosen activity.

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On the Cover...

From time to time we hear the question raised, “How do we get today’s young people interested in building traditional wooden boats?” Richard Honan found one answer as he began his winter project, building a 13’ traditional peapod. He invited his neighbor, 14 year old Christian Buonopane, to join him in the project. In this issue on page 40 we have Part 3 of Richard’s chronicling of their progress and on our cover it looks as if Christian has taken to learning new skills with gusto. Guess how he will feel come spring when their handiwork is launched!



Harking Back With Harvey
"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."
Images by Harvey Petersiel
On the River





You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

Voyaging Season to Come

It started to snow yesterday afternoon and already I'm Jones'n about the next Voyaging Season. One of the things we have plenty of here at Frankenwerke is books, so now and then I grab something to read.

That vintage compendium of Robb White's *Pure Joy* is only about 15 years old. Been sitting in a back row on a lower shelf for about ten of those. Already the spine is letting go of the pages. I know how that little book must feel. We all got our troubles but they sure fade away when we can sit with a force of nature like our late friend and spokesman Robb. Damn but I miss that guy! We all do. Even if you've never been privileged to read his stuff you've likely met somebody who has in our tiny world of small boat folks at least.

I musta ordered that bio of Lin and Larry a while back and stuck it away "for later." I came of age with Lin and Larry. They got to head south in *Seraffyn* about the time I was heading west in a USS doing my bit to achieve "peace with honor." Somehow, going cruising with about "three hundred of my closest friends" wasn't quite as wonderful as the couple of them, getting to go all those more civilized places on that delightful little gem of a boat.

We're doing some simplifying and adding lightness here this winter. We're in the process of getting back to the *Pure Joy* of the thing and dropping some of the accessories. But those of us who believe in the notion that winter is something to speed up, and summer something to slow down, the Voyaging Season to come is already taking shape.

Dan Rogers, Newport, WA

Just Enjoying Florida Now

Enclosed is my renewal check for another year of *MAIB*. I'm using a walker because of balance problems, can't hear the best and have only one good eye at 91. I'm glad I gave the Sea Scouts our Coronado 27 and the pirogue I made to my grandson and am now just enjoying Florida.

Hubert Guthrie, University Park, FL

Information of Interest...

Public Waterfront Access

I traveled east again in 2018 from my home in northern California aboard Amtrak to Hudson, New York, city of my birth and home of my ancestors. After centuries languishing, first as a whaling port and latterly as a minor manufacturing center, the years of not keeping up with the architectural times is paying off. Tourists from downstate love the old place. Warren Street is hopping, there are antique shops and art galleries, restaurants range from gourmet to my favorite old standards. Hudson is said to have the second busiest Amtrak station in the state.

But what about boats? Just beyond the foot of Warren Street near the Amtrak station is the waterfront park on the Hudson River. This city should be commended for providing access to the water. Here folks can launch kayaks, motorboats and sailboats. Plenty of automobile free parking, also. There is transient docking for visiting cruisers.

My old school chum, Capt Stan Wilcox, co author of *Capt. Stan's Hudson River Book* (selling well in the new color edition), skips a double decked tour boat from its dock here. And he operates the Hudson-Athens ferry, weather and season permitting, Fridays and Saturdays in the summer months. Once Stan was asked by a prospective passenger, "Do you take dogs?"

"We even take children," he shot back. He also takes bikes (hudsoncruises.com).

Years ago I was part of establishing a cooperative boat harbor in Sausalito, California. An important aspect of this enterprise was water access. Today there is a public tie-up for small boats and a spot from which to slip them into the bay. Access to the water is important to we small boaters.

Derek VanLoan, MillValley, CA



Bay of Maine's Ram Island Peapod

Bay of Maine Boats is very excited to announce the addition of our new 13'6" Ram Island Peapod to our line of small boats. She is a very traditional design built by Maine craftsmen of quality materials with a fine finish, offering the performance this historic type is famed for.

Bay of Maine Boats, Kennebunkport, ME, (207) 967-4298, boats@bayofmaineboats.com



The Exploding Whale Story

Mississippi Bob's "Sea Stories and Tall Tales" in the December issue reminded me of the seminal "Exploding Whale" story from here in Oregon. It happened in 1970 when the Oregon Highway Department attempted to remove a whale carcass from a popular beach with dynamite. The event has its own website and you can read all about it and watch the original TV news video at <http://theexplodingwhale.com/>.

Kurt Herzog, Grants Pass, OR

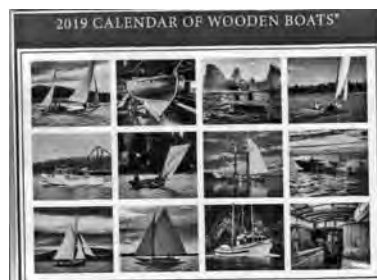
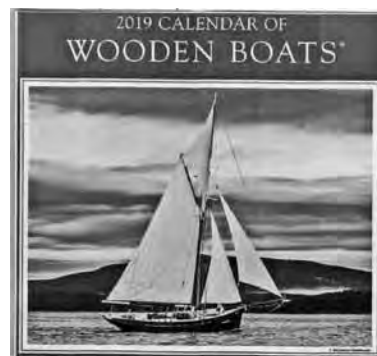
Continuing to Delight

The 2019 Calendar of Wooden Boats featuring the work of internationally recognized marine photographer Benjamin Mendlowitz is now available. The 2019 edition of the Calendar of Wooden Boats marks its 37th year of publication.

The 2019 calendar includes wooden boats built in Tasmania, Canada, the United Kingdom (Cornwall), Port Townsend, Washington and the US eastern coastal states, including Maine. All 12 photographs capture the nautical spirit and the universal appeal of classic wooden boats.

The newly published photographs are complimented by informative captions written by wooden boat expert Maynard Bray. Bray and Mendlowitz have collaborated on the calendar since its launch in 1983. The calendar has become a tradition for wooden boat enthusiasts as well as admirers of fine photography. Many have enjoyed and collected the calendar since its first edition.

The Calendar of Wooden Boats® is designed in an elegant 12"x24" wall format and is available at bookstores, chandlerys, select retailers and directly from NOAH Publications for \$17.95. For more information about the calendar and other products featuring the photography of Benjamin Mendlowitz, visit NOAH Publications online at www.woodenboatscalendar.com.



Boat Names

Looking over the October issue the first title that caught my eye was "Boat Names." These little gems of humor really add a lot to the magazine.

A few years ago the ACBS expanded their "Directory" as data could be reorganized with just the push of a button. One was a listing of boats by name. Most people were pretty original but a few were popular with a number of owners. I just checked the latest list and surprisingly *Sweet Pea* won with 14 (Dave Lucas makes 15) with *Driftwood* and *Legacy* close behind with 13 each.

Names shouldn't really bring good or bad luck, but I must admit that I was anxious when I first tied *Breakaway* to the mooring. She was still there when I came back.

Boyd Mefferd, Canton, CT

More Boat Names

Firstly, thank you for your excellent magazine. No matter how big or small the boat or harebrained the scheme, it can find a home on your pages. No varnished mahogany snobishness to be found, just a lot of folk getting afloat (mostly) in a boat. Wonderful.

Reading about boat names prompted me to offer these I have seen or read of over the years.

A beautiful sailboat: *Concerto* towing a dinghy called *Coda*.

In a river marina an old, listing, wooden Chris Craft in rundown condition with the cockpit canvas half blown open: *Cirrhosis of the River*.

On a power boat in my marina: *The Joyce of My Life*. My wife Joyce wants to know why I did not think of that!

My stepson's sailboat: *Windborne*.

On a bitterly divorced owner's boat: *Cynthia Anna*.

And finally, a power boat owned by a Jewish gentleman also in my marina: *Yom Skippur*.
Keith Elms, Waukegan, IL

This Magazine...

Thanks for the Review

I want to thank you for the very nice review of my book, *Fury of the Norse*, in the December issue. Your sidebar on the Cog was most interesting and well done. Nice work, Bob, and I appreciate it.

I'm sorry to learn about the diminishing subscriptions. It's probably true that the younger folks have little interest in small boats or messing about. I remember how sad it was when *Small Boat Journal* went under (sold out to that *Southern Boating* magazine) and that was the most of small boat reporting except for *MAIB*. I miss all that as I'm sure you do, but change is what life is all about, I guess. But *MAIB* has had a good run and I'm sure there are several more good years in the offing. I'm looking forward to it. Thanks again.

Joe Bohnaker, El Paso, TX

Annie Can't Remember

Can't remember if I sent you this from the collection at the Queensland Maritime Museum: Subject: My Aussie story can be viewed on Facebook at: <https://www.facebook.com/1628313296/posts/10215458763615432/>. You'll like it.

I've always meant to send a note to you thanking you on behalf of all us scuz-bums and messers about for *MAIB*. It's been an encouragement and an inspiration to us all. You've legitimized our activity to our spouses and made it OK to go home with muddy bums and shallow water sea stories. So thanks, Bob. Fair winds and a hug,

Annie Holmes, San Diego, CA

MAIB is Reassuring

The most delightful feature of your little magazine is that it exists at all. Each time it arrives in my mailbox it brings a sense of both comfort and anticipation. It reassures me that the simple charm of plain text and monochrome images, delivered in days rather than in milliseconds, has not yet vanished from the world and it promises an experience wholly unlike the vast torrents of data that fill much of the rest of my time.

Your magazine brings joy to many and I look forward to continuing my subscription as long as it and I exist. Keep on doing what you are doing and stay well.

Alan Dove, Longmeadow, MA

Outstanding Jobs

You and your contributors do outstanding jobs. Doc Regan did a tremendous amount of research to put "Over the Horizon" together in 2018. The Lifeboat Series was a heart pounding read. Regulars Dan Rogers and Dave Lucas and the other occasional contributors all do super jobs. The advertisers offer interesting and useful products and services also. Keep up the good work.

If you need fresh ideas check out the UK magazine *Watercraft* (watercraft.com). Pretty cool stuff inside.

Reagan Tucker, San Antonio, TX

Editor Comments: We have a long standing ongoing exchange with *Watercraft*, it is indeed "pretty cool," full of small boat articles with great photographs and complete building plans in every issue.

A Note from Sam

Enjoyed reading again about the thousand years of sailing on the Pacific in contrast to just a bit over 100 years of motor boating. Also, there was that wonderful story about the tiny barge sailing and finally being taken apart. Good, good! I get out to the lake regularly to see the sailing and talk with the sailors, but my 90 years tell me to stay ashore and let the others have the wet fun while I stay dry.

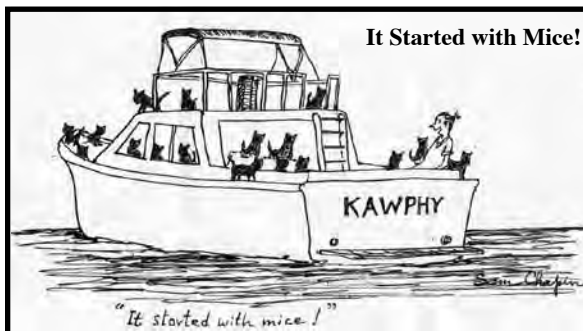
I don't do my drawings anymore but here are a couple that are fun. Naming a boat is a great pleasure. Pronounce the name on the motorboat.

Sam Chapin, Eustis, FL

The Catboat



It Started with Mice!



Coast Guard Rescues 35 People from a Drifting Ice Floe

The Coast Guard rescued 35 people from an ice floe in Superior Bay near Duluth, Minnesota. Three large groups of people were stranded on an ice floe with approximately 30' of open water between the ice floe and shore.

The ice rescue team deployed their SKF-ICE team, which transited the open water, reached the ice floe and rescued all 35 persons without incident. There was one confirmed person in the water who was rescued by fire department personnel.



Nighttime Repatriation of Migrants to a Dominican Navy Patrol Boat Near Samana

The Coast Guard Cutter *Thetis* (WPC-910) repatriated 21 of the 25 migrants to a Dominican Navy patrol boat in waters just off Samana, Dominican Republic. Four of the migrants are facing criminal federal charges in Puerto Rico for attempting to illegally reenter the United States.

USCG Cutter *Steadfast* Turns 50 Years Old

The Coast Guard Cutter *Steadfast* will celebrate the cutter's 50 years of maritime service since her commissioning in 1968, its crew has performed nearly all of the US Coast Guard's 11 statutory missions.

In 1992 the *Steadfast* was decommissioned for major maintenance to extend its service another 25 years. Upon return to active service the cutter *Steadfast* was re-commissioned in February 1994.

Medium Endurance Cutters like the *Steadfast* are scheduled to be replaced by the new Offshore Patrol Cutter (OPC) with construction of the first vessel to be completed in 2021.



Our Coast Guard in Action

Coast Guard Cracking Down on Illegal Charters

A Coast Guard Station Fort Lauderdale 33' Special Purpose Craft Law Enforcement crew conducted a boarding of the 64' motor yacht, *Cary On*, with 13 passengers aboard in the vicinity of Baker's Haulover Inlet.

"You put your life at risk when you board a charter vessel with an operator who is not properly certified to take paying passengers," said Mr Victor Rivera, Coast Guard Sector Miami command duty officer. Potential fines for the owner of the vessel exceed \$65,000.



Coast Guard Responds to Vessel Fire off Miami

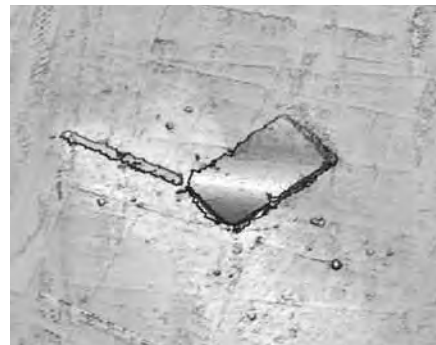
The pleasure craft *Family Time* sits in the water on fire approximately 30 miles east of Miami Beach. The Coast Guard Cutter *Robert Yered* (WPC-1104) responded to the vessel on fire to assist the survivors.



Multi Beam Sonar Confirms Location of Sunken Barge Near Boston

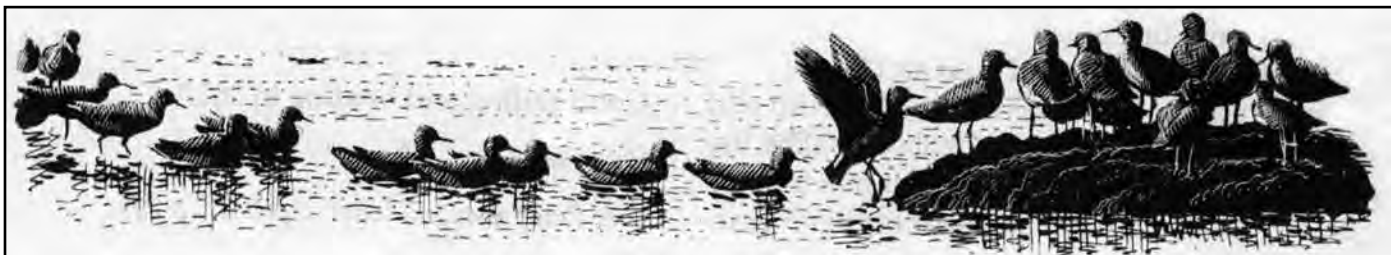
The Coast Guard located the missing barge *Dredge 200* after it capsized and sank in Broad Sound approximately two miles southeast of Nahant. The barge's location was confirmed using multi beam sonar just north of the North Channel, the major shipping lane into Boston Harbor, in approximately 100' of water.

Close coordination with the Boston Harbor Pilots was crucial to ensure maritime commerce impacts were limited and deep draft vessels carrying vital goods were able to safely transit into Boston.



SpaceX Rocket Lands in the Ocean

The Coast Guard issued a Safety Marine Information Broadcast (SMIB) after the SpaceX rocket *Falcon 9* landed in the water off the coast of Cape Canaveral. The SMIB instructs all mariners to remain a minimum of two nautical miles away from the rocket. A Coast Guard Station Port Canaveral 45' Response Boat Medium crew was on scene monitoring while SpaceX was implementing their response plan.



Mid Atlantic Small Craft Festival 2018

Photographs By Dave Soltesz
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

The MASCF was held in St. Michaels, Maryland on October 5, 6, 7, 2018. Member Dave Soltesz provided the *Mainsheet* some very good photographs he took of the festival. I hope you enjoy his interesting shots.





WCHM News

Origins of the Wisconsin Canoe Heritage Museum

By Former President Mike Johnson

Reprinted from the *WCHM News*

Newsletter of the Wisconsin Canoe Heritage Museum

To achieve the perfect varnish coat on a cedar strip canoe, the craftsman needs top quality spar varnish, the best badger hair brush available and a totally dust free environment. It just wasn't happening in my basement. In the spring of 2008 I was nearing completion of my third canoe, a 15' Bob's Special, when my wife read to me the announcement for a meeting to discuss the possibility of a canoe museum in Spooner, Wisconsin. At the time I had no interest in, or knowledge of, antique canoes but the ad specifically mentioned a canoe shop. It was the thought of moving my dusty, noisy hobby out of my basement that compelled me to attend the gathering.

As I recall, it was a pretty subdued affair. Seven or eight attendees toed the sawdust on the floor of the Williams Wooden Boat Shop while Garry Peterson from Rice Lake, Wisconsin, outlined the concept. If a group of enthusiasts were to start a new non profit and could turn an abandoned feed mill into an exhibit hall and canoe shop, the building and a collection of canoes were there for the asking. The idea didn't sound to far fetched to me until we took a tour of the mill.

The building was a disaster! The city had purchased what was essentially a public nuisance with plans to demolish it for additional downtown parking. There were holes in the roof and in the walls and several windows had been broken. Pigeon droppings were everywhere and there was a dead raccoon on the floor in the elevator. The smell alone was daunting enough to drive away all but the most quixotic. Still, through the course of the summer the idea took root.

A board of directors composed of an attorney, a banker, an antique canoe collector, a park ranger, a fur trade reenactor, a bluegrass musician, a small museum curator and three canoe builders began to meet regularly. Before the New Year we were a 501c3 non profit corporation. By May 2009 the building had been stripped to the studs and reconstruction began.

But the group was impatient. We wanted those canoes! In October 2008 four of us in two borrowed trucks had traveled to a storage building south of Madison, Wisconsin, for what became known as "The Long Portage." The canoe collection offered to us was the passion of Jill Weber Dean (and to a lesser extent, her husband Jeff). Jill had ties to Spooner, her brother Shane lived there.

Through the 1970s and 1980s, Jill and Jeff had traveled the Midwest, Eastern Canada and New England, acquiring and restoring the best examples of canoe craft from such classic artisans as Dan Herald, John Henry Rushton, Bert Morris and Evan Gerish. They also bought canoes from the very best contemporary builders including Harold Gates, Walter Walker, Jerry Stelmock and Henri Vaillancourt.

Once the collection was safely back in Spooner, the 50 or so volunteers and the half dozen contractors dutifully sheltered the boats from harm as they reconstructed the building. A grand opening was celebrated with a ribbon cutting during the first Annual Canoe & Wooden Boat Show held on May 29, 2010, a day declared by the Wisconsin State Legislature to be "Wisconsin Canoe Heritage Day."

Some of the highlights of these first ten years include the original building demolition and reconstruction in 2008, incorporation and IRS 501c3 certification in 2009, that Grand Opening Canoe & Wooden Boat Show in 2013, hosting the regional WCHA Assembly in 2014 (and again in 2017), commissioning of the Rollin Thurlow Labrador Passage canoe in 2014 (and its retrieval in 2015) and construction of a new storage facility in 2016 for the ever expanding WCHM collections, all the while building a series of new and changing displays to fill the exhibit hall and presenting various programs and classes on various topics.

The 2018 season over four months that ended on September 30 saw over 600 visitors from 23 states plus British Columbia. For more information visit the Museum website at www.WisconsinCanoeHeritageMuseum.org.



Recent Boat Donations

The WCHM has acquired its first dugout canoe! Russ Anderson of Madison, Wisconsin, made the donation on behalf of his grandfather who pulled the dugout out of Bass Lake in Florence County over 50 years ago and kept it well preserved at the Anderson summer home ever since. As Russ put it, "It was found on the bed of navigable water so we feel it belongs to the public."

Maureen Borell and Keith Collis of Minneapolis recently donated a circa 1949 Grumman magnesium canoe. Grumman experimented with various metals to make canoes after WWII. This one was made of "Dow-metal," an alloy made by Dow Chemical that is 85% magnesium. This particular canoe has some interesting historical connections. It was owned by Maureen's father, Marv Borell, who was involved in the creation of the Boundary Waters Canoe Association.



Former WCHM President Mike Johnson presented the museum with a restored 1947 16' Muller canoe. The Muller family has been building boats in Minnesota since 1872 and still owns and operates Taylor Falls Canoe & Kayak Rental to this day.

Other recent donations, a 1942 Old Town Guide and a Jimmy Skiff from Mark Douglas of Minneapolis, Minnesota, a 1949 Old Town Yankee with original backrest and paddles from Sharon Bloyd-Peshkin of Forest Park, Illinois, an antique wood frame canvas duck boat of unknown origin from Marlene Schmidt of Merrill, Wisconsin, and a 16' Trailblazer Explorer from Joe Scott of Apple Valley, Minnesota, in memory of his brother George who built it from a 1960s kit out of *Boy's Life* magazine.

Two Classes Scheduled

On April 12-13 a two day paddle making class will be taught by Alex Comb of Stewart River Boatworks from Knife River, Wisconsin. Participants will take home their own handmade paddles. The workshop is \$95 plus the chosen wood, \$35 for basswood, \$40 for cherry or \$55 for basswood bent shaft.

Robert Morris from Brewery Creek Small Boat Shop in Vancouver, British Columbia, author of the illustrated instructional book *Building Skin on Frame Boats*, will return to teach Greenland Kayak building. Exact date for the six day course, limited to four participants, is yet to be determined, likely it will be around the end of July into early August.

For more information on both of these classes, or to register, call (715) 635-2479 or go to info@WisconsinCanoeHeritageMuseum.org.



The Necessity of Struggle ~ Fred Rebell,

by Giles de Bertodano

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

Fred Rebell's book *Escape to the Sea* (1939) was recently described as 'strangely irrelevant' to dinghy cruising today. That comment prompted an Editor's raised eyebrow, followed by an Editor's request for an article.

For those who have never heard of him, Fred Rebell in 1931 completed the first single-handed Pacific crossing in an 18ft open racing dinghy, from Sydney to Los Angeles (9,000 miles). He wrote *Escape to the Sea* about that voyage.

A few years later, in returning to Australia, he sailed single-handed from Latvia to the Bay of Biscay in a converted 23ft Baltic fishing boat (1,200 miles). To continue the voyage, he joined a 50ft yawl as Mate and navigator and sailed from Jersey to Sydney (15,000 miles).

Whilst true, the above does little justice to the tale, the man or the achievement. And, apparently:

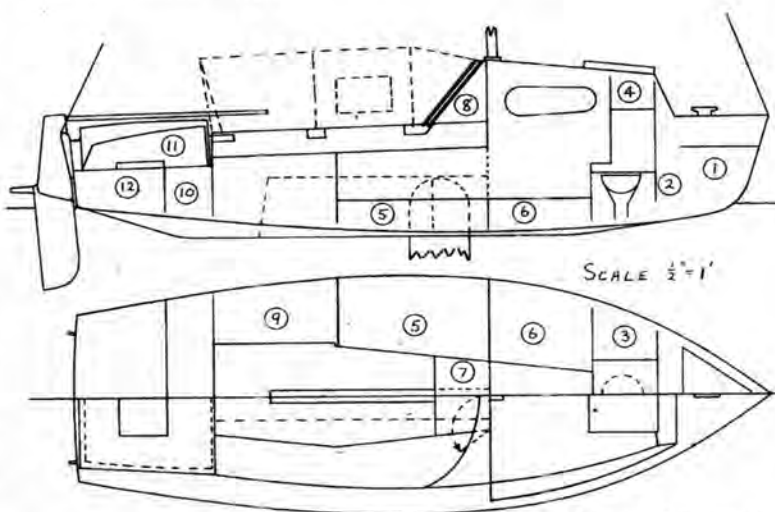
'... Fred Rebell was idolised by many of the DCA's founding members, as he seemed to them to personify the gritty individualism, fazed by nothing, which they placed high on the list of desirable qualities for a dinghy cruising sailor. In the 1970s and 80s many of our founding fathers and mothers were still alive and very much kicking; Fred was a hero of the first rank in their eyes, as his story had the right blend of extreme adventure, absolute reliance on make do and mend, no money spent on sophisticated gear and the correct political attitude.

There was also the heady appeal of Fred as an unshackled world citizen, creating his own passport and escaping the detested Czarist Russian Empire by forging a new identity.

Fred Rebell was often referenced by them. The DCA offers plans for two approved cruising dinghies, the bigger one being the REBELL. He pronounced his name with the stress on the second syllable, and so did they. He chose the name himself in preference to Pauls Sproģis, his Latvian name *, as clearly a riff on 'rebel' with its connotations – which must have been in his mind when he adopted it, as he forged identity papers to escape from Germany and get to Australia ...' (KM)

The purpose of this article is to fill in some gaps not covered by his book.

The DCA REBELL Dinghy



(Above) But is it a 'dinghy'? Probably Fred would have regarded it as the lap of luxury

* This version of his name is correct, not Wikipedia's, Giles confirms. There was another Latvian swanning around the Antipodes at the same time, believe it or not, with whom Fred was sometimes confused –Ed

like you humour any other sort of lunatic ...'

He shipped out in steamships as a coal-trimmer and then stoker. In 1907, deciding to go to Australia, he apparently remitted his savings to the Sydney Post Office, stowed away under a stoke-hold floor until clear of the pilot boat, and arrived in Sydney on the immigrant ship SS *Commonwealth*. His name appears on the passenger list.

Fred Rebell ended up in West Australia with a land grant, pioneering south of Perth on a 126-acre farm. He advertised for a wife in Latvian newspapers. Emilie Krumin came out and they were married in 1915. They had a son, Paul. Fred Rebell sold the farm in 1924 and went to Fremantle, working as a carpenter and in a damp-proofing and varnish-making firm.

The marriage broke down and Emilie Krumin divorced him in 1928. Their son, Paul Ernest Rebell, then 13, later married in WA and was a cement-worker, brewery employee, and in 1963, five years before his father's death, a truck driver.

Fred Rebell (38) met Elaine (19). She refused him, to his chagrin. He ended up a carpenter in Sydney contemplating suicide. The Great Depression meant he was poor and on the dole. He decided to emigrate to the USA to find work. They declined to give him a visa. He told the US consul:

'... Listen to me: very soon I shall be in the States. I shall not pay for my passage, I shall not stow away, and I shall not sign on as crew. What is more, I shall stay there as long as I please and leave in my own time. And I want no visa from any consul ...'

He had to find the funds:

'... But how to get work? Work, I reasoned, is always to be had if one values one's services low enough. And so it proved ...'

His solution was to take work for sub-standard (ie non-union) wages. Food for thought for those that relentlessly advocate a statutory minimum wage.

So Fred Rebell bought an 18ft long, undecked, centreboard dinghy of the type perfected for racing on the sheltered waters of Sydney Harbour. He named her *Elaine*. Her draught was only eighteen inches and freeboard twenty inches. Famously, he hand-made his navigation instruments and charts.

First voyage ~

He could not obtain an Australian passport or ship's papers unless he paid a tax-arrears demand. So aged 45, he and *Elaine* slipped out to sea with no papers at all, on 31st December 1931. His journey across the Pacific took one year and one week.

His book *Escape to the Sea* (1939) describes leaks, landfalls, the kindness of strangers, seams opening, constant dampness, illness, storms and two hurricanes. A good yarn, well-told; inspiring, humorous and thought-provoking. And available free from the DCA Library.

Fred Rebell also found God on the second stage of the voyage approaching Fiji, later entering into Faustian pacts when disaster loomed: 'if God will save me, I will believe in God'.

The *Fiji Times & Herald* reported his arrival:

'Yesterday afternoon a little sailing boat sailed into Suva harbour without flying the yellow flag. Mr Rebell is unacquainted with the usages of ports and arrived here without any papers at all. However after a full inquiry, he obtained pratique ... He arrived unannounced landing behind the Boy's Grammar School ... Mr Rebell was found to be a rather slimly-built man of middle height. He was frank and simple in manner and neither drinks or smokes. He confessed to one weakness – he loves poetry – and read Longfellow's works during the long days he spent in his little boat ... His centreboard carried away a month ago which rather prolonged the voyage. It took two months to reach Fiji. He has read Pigeon's trip in the *Islander* and Morrisby's trip in the *Tasman*

Fred demonstrates his home-made sextant



[?]. But he says the only boating he has done was when a boy in Windau.'

He made his own passport in March 1932 at Suva. The passport states:

The bearer of this passport – Fred Rebell – of no allegiance, is travelling from Sydney, Australia, via Pacific Ocean, United States of America and Atlantic Ocean to his native town Windau in the country of Latvia.

He had some trouble with Fiji authorities but left there with a spare sail, a compass, a barometer and proper charts. The *Fiji Times & Herald* captured the moment:

'Fred Rebell continues his voyage from Suva. The *Elaine* is at anchor off the reef. He came ashore in his bathing costume to say goodbye to friends who had brought him some recent European



His home-made instruments

Elaine in Sydney Harbour



newspapers. Then having shaken hands, the adventurous voyager paced down the slip, holding his bundle of papers and so splashed out to his boat, where he disappeared to arrange his gear. Mr Rebell is a man of high intelligence, an earnest student, and a rich philosopher. He loves poetry and solid reading, and leaves Suva provided with quite a library, and not a book of adventure in the lot. He promised to write from any place called at.'

As he progressed through the islands he met a number of ladies with whom he happily danced and made the following observation :

'There is something in those natives which makes them accept life without a struggle: there is something in me which makes the necessity of struggle seem the foremost thing in the world.'

Fred Rebell arrived in San Pedro, near Los Angeles, on 8th January 1933 and was much caressed by the media and Hollywood. His negotiations with the immigration examiner were masterful, given that the examiner wanted to deport him immediately. Later *Elaine* was driven ashore in a gale and then damaged by a US naval launch.

He met Harry Pidgeon (the second person to sail around the world single-handed, in a 34ft boat), sued the US Government for the damage to *Elaine*, was arrested by immigration and stayed in prison, which he found fascinating. The *New York Times* reports that the author and Hollywood screenwriter, William Slavens McNutt, bailed him out of prison. It took 2 ½ years for

the US Government to pay him \$85 compensation for the damage to *Elaine* which was then sold to a fellow-countryman. He lived by carpentry and yacht-work.

On 1st December 1935, Fred Rebell was deported at Galveston on the *SS Chester Valley* bound for Bremen, with a cargo of cotton. He was given a Nansen passport (a stateless person's passport issued by the League of Nations). On arrival at Bremen, after a 22-day passage, he was provided with railway tickets for Riga, capital of Latvia and then went to his aged parents' farm at Piltren in a horse and cart.

He stayed with his parents, who had not seen him for thirty years, for a winter, spring, and summer, completing his book before becoming restless, particularly with the frozen winter. Fred Rebell also believed that somewhere in those South Sea islands there was a lovely girl waiting for him. He acquired a Latvian passport and his birth certificate.

Second voyage -

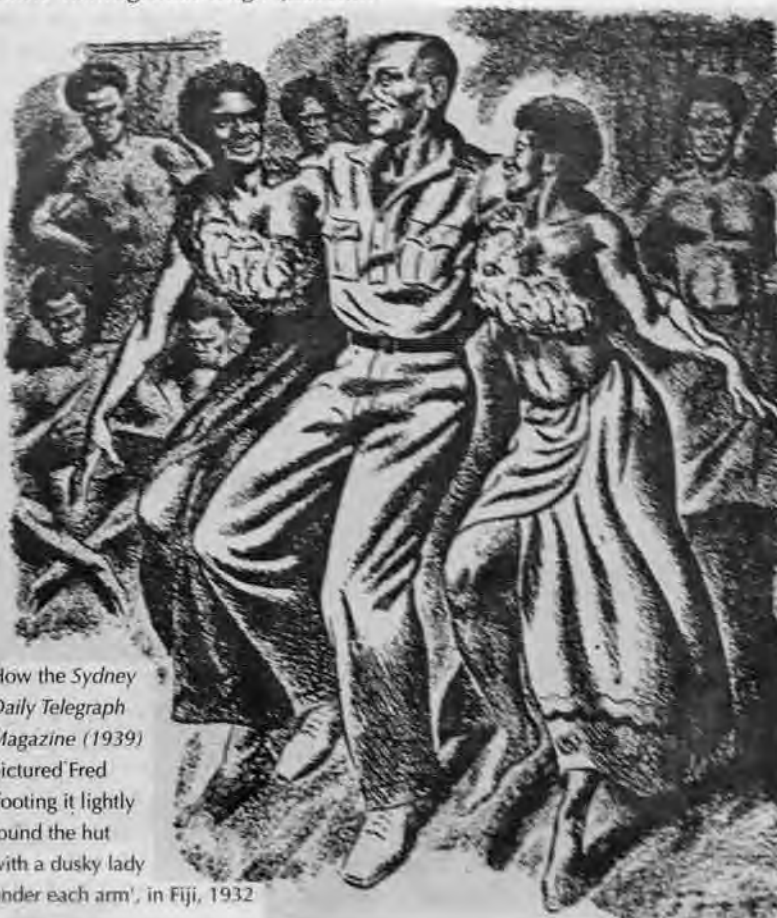
In 1937, he converted a 23ft Baltic fishing boat *Selga* (Latvian

for 'deep sea', 'open sea' or 'offing') into a cutter, decked her, and fitted a reinforced concrete external keel.

Whilst passing through the Kiel Canal and liberating potatoes from a field, the Germans boarded and found the draft of his book in English, arresting him as a spy.

Later during bad weather, *Selga* was driven onto the shingle beach at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, where the composer Benjamin Britten lived. The only damage was to the rudder. The *Sydney Morning Herald*, Oct 8th 1937 reported :

'Fred Rebell who has arrived ... in a home-made boat ... said that he had not encountered anything like the five days of tossing he experienced in the North Sea. He refused aid from five steamers. Becoming exhausted, he fell asleep, and awoke to find his boat ashore on the Suffolk coast. He made it fast to a telegraph post and then crept back into the boat and slept again until he was found by a beach patrol still sleeping ... He bought the *Selga* for £4 and says he does not want a companion and that he does not



How the *Sydney Daily Telegraph Magazine* (1939) pictured 'Fred footing it lightly round the hut with a dusky lady under each arm', in Fiji, 1932



Elaine at anchor at Ala Moana, Honolulu

mind being alone.'

That 'telegraph post' is still there in the Aldeburgh shingle, though it is called the 'Monkey Pole'. It was used in the long-ago past by the Aldeburgh Coastguard, often preceded by a brass band, maroons and procession of enthusiastic villagers, to practise rigging and handling breeches buoys (a rescue

device – see page 71, #7).

DCA member Ben Jones has written in this Journal about *Looming Lights* (1945) by George Carter* which lists the stores aboard *Selga*. They differ little in kind from the Pacific voyage, apart from the corned beef. George Carter and Richard Hughes both met Fred Rebell on the beach at Aldeburgh.

The former notes:

'... the ties of family affection that prompted a voyage across the world to see his family, the ill-found condition of *Selga*, the belief of the old salts that the Finns and their like have special powers and that surely some such influence must have cherished that strange lank individual, ... and how after a short stay, he disappeared into the ocean as mysteriously as he arrived ...'

The latter, in the introduction to *Escape to the Sea*, comments on:

'... how he made many friends locally ... he was an impressive little man with the imperturbable calm smile of the happy bigot ...'

Fred Rebell had been aiming

* page 6

for Plymouth in order to meet the Plymouth Brethren. Luckily, there are plenty of Plymouth Brethren around Aldeburgh. The UK immigration authorities did not permit him to leave the town, even to visit London. Having repaired his rudder, he resumed his voyage in late 1937. After capsizing in the Bay of Biscay, possibly from the design of the concrete keel, he sailed back to a shore, possibly English, and sold *Selga*

Third Voyage ~

The continuation of his voyage back to Australia was a complete contrast. At Cancale, near St Malo, he joined the *Reine d'Arvor*, a converted 50ft French fishing boat, an oyster yawl of 40 tons, said to have once landed a catch of 90,000 oysters. The main disadvantage was low headroom, but a 17ft beam helped. The owner, Henry Brache, had grown tomatoes in the Channel Islands for 20 years. He had set out for Australia earlier but been driven back by Biscay gales. He had on board his wife, daughter 15, son 13



Elaine at Los Angeles, after being blown on shore in a gale



Harry Pigeon and Fred Rebell in Los Angeles

and five other crew, ten in all. Again using his home-made sextant, Fred Rebell was Mate, navigator, baker, sailmaker and general handyman.

They sailed from Cancale in August 1938 to Jersey, then Las Palmas, Barbados and the Panama Canal. A young crew member, Sid Jobbins (27), kept a log up to Barbados (*The Log of the Reine d'Arvor*, Thomas Mariner, 2016).

Off Vigo, Portugal, he is learning navigating:

'... We are approx 550 miles N of Las Palmas, Mr Rebell shows me the working out of today's positions Lat & Long. I thought there was a lot in it, now I am darn sure of it ...'

He is surprised in Las Palmas, Canaries Isl. when 'Mr Rebell' spoke German with the fishing crews. There, the hull was scrubbed using the boat's drying-out legs. Las Palmas was a militarised port, in the middle of the Spanish Civil War. On passage in the NE Trades bound for the West Indies, Sid Jobbins has by then learnt his Lat & Long, and observes:

'... sighted plenty of lightning last night bearing N during my watch, Mr Reb follows me on watch at 12 Midnight, he was quite unconcerned about the lightning, I do not like it quite so good, it missed us, but Reb does not worry much... I'm still Cook, I'll make them all sick yet ...'

Later, Fred Rebell calculated they were thirty miles north of Barbados and should turn south or overshoot. The skipper, Mr Brache (and one suspects from the log, Mrs Brache) decided to turn southwest the next day as being more comfortable. Fred Rebell was right. They overshot Barbados and spent seven days beating back, tack on tack, against both the NE Trades and the one-knot current. One crew member left

the vessel at Barbados after a trivial argument. And Sid Jobbins met a lass in Barbados, as sailors do. He left the yacht, married her, and worked as a skilled coppersmith in the Hawker Siddeley Aviation works, eventually making a scale model of the *Reine d'Arvor* entirely out of beaten copper – rigging, sails, hull and all.

As for the sextant, the *Fiji Times & Herald* said:

'For such a makeshift instrument a remarkable degree of accuracy was attained and the voyager still has the old sextant with him. But he has another which he uses in connection with the navigation of the *Reine d'Arvor*. However this is no precision instrument made by a firm of instrument makers. It is home-made, having been manufactured by the navigator himself. It is a big improvement on his original instrument, and has quite a professional finish about it, complete with coloured screens, telescope and all.'

The *Sydney Daily Telegraph* reported that:

'The home-made hoop-iron sextant Rebell made and used to sail his 18-footer *Elaine* lone-handed from Sydney to California in 1932 was used during the voyage. He made another on the yawl as the Maritime Museum of Latvia had asked for the original.

After transiting the Panama Canal, they called at the Marquesas, Tahiti, Samoa, and Fiji. Fred Rebell regularly sent postcards from these islands back to Richard Hughes* in Aldeburgh. Without a wireless they had no news of the Second World War whilst on passage.

At Suva, two of the original crew left for their jobs. A professional photographer, Bill Woodward joined, but the two youngsters, Noel and Ann had to stand watches on the final leg to Sydney. Fred Rebell described the last part of the trip to journalists:

'The worst section of the voyage was between Suva and Sydney. Gales and calms held us up and damaged the gear. I had to climb the 50ft mast six times to effect repairs in bad weather. We ran out of tobacco and some food and have been living mainly on rice.'

* Writer of *A High Wind In Jamaica*



Reine d'Arvor, Cancale

The *Reine d'Arvor* voyage took 16 months, reaching Sydney on 1st December 1939. Fred Rebell was 53 years old.

He had to remain on the yacht as the Minister for Customs called for a report on how he had left without a passport, and how the *Reine d'Arvor* had entered Sydney Heads and vanished in the huge harbour during wartime without anyone noticing.

The Book ~

As a diversion, perhaps we should now look at some reviews of his book *Escape to the Sea*, finally published in 1939 after many publishers had turned it down. It was even serialised – an excellent marketing move – in seven articles starting in November 1939 in the (Sydney) *Daily Telegraph Magazine*, a few weeks before *Reine d'Arvor* reached Sydney.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* observed, inter alia:

'...The book is packed with thrills. The trip is vividly described; but though one salutes Rebell the adventurer, one prefers not to take him too seriously as a philosopher, despite his ingenuity ...'

The *Times Literary Review* said, inter alia:

'... [it] led him as an alternative to leaping off the cliffs at Sydney Gap, to set forth as so many have done since the days of Ulysses and Maelduin in search of the Happy Isles. The spiritual odyssey this extraordinary narrative records is, as Mr Hughes's preface observes, as interesting as its material aspect.'

Indeed the author does not appear to have any very absorbing interest in travel for its own sake, only an unconquerable restlessness both of mind and body. He finds throughout his main interest is in the voyage of the human soul. He recounts his religious experiences with an almost staggering simplicity – the simplicity of a child, or of a primitive.... The seeker for happiness and the seeker for gold have this in common: their quest is never really ended ...'

The Later Period ~

Fred Rebell again worked as a carpenter in Sydney. In the early 1940s Bill Woodward, the shipmate from Fiji, died in North Sydney. Fred Rebell paid for the funeral.

He never went to sea single-handed again, became a Presbyterian preacher and leafleteer and lived a simple life. He had spent about five years in total at sea, in steam and sail. In 1952, aged 66, he wrote to Jean Merrien, a French yachtsman and author (*Lonely Voyages*, 1953):

'... I have earned hardly £100 from the publication of my book ... I am still a bachelor and because of this I have to pay heavy income tax ... But I do not complain: since I was converted, I have been transformed from an egotist to a philanthropist ... I want to get married one day ...'

In 1954, aged 68, he applied for a pension and was turned down as

he was not a naturalised Australian. The Social Security Dept noted that he was of indigent circumstances. The Immigration Dept put in hand the naturalisation process, with a reduced fee. The evidence he produced for his birthplace and nationality was an old Latvian passport and his birth certificate. He signed the Renunciation of Allegiance form in 1955. His application was then approved with a note that:

'... if the story is correct about Fred Rebell's travels, he is good material for a story re his naturalisation!'

Fred Rebell became an Australian citizen some forty-eight years after landing in Australia. He never married again. A few years before his death, John Baltaks visited him at home at 3 Cook St, Tempe, Sydney and,

'... saw his carpenter's workshop, and his tracts and had a long intimate conversation with this remarkable man – then a rugged white-haired, deep-voiced, six-footer, yet truly unassuming, ascetic and straightforward, without any noticeable fanaticism. He kept stressing, as soon as his main famous voyage was mentioned:

'All that fame and praise is just rubbish; the real main achievement was God's finding me, a rebellious and finally desperate unbeliever, at the Gap, and guiding me, first over the ocean and then into a new

meaningful life. My highest duty for the last remaining years of my life, is to tell other people about Christ and a truly Christian life. Tell this to anyone who might ask you about me' ... [his maritime experiences] had turned a hard, witty, sceptic who had almost committed suicide at Sydney Gap, into a devoted and humble Christian and lay preacher ... Fred Rebell practised what he believed and preached ...

Fred Rebell died in Marrikkville Hospital of terminal abdominal cancer in 1968, aged 82.

In 1987, the Australian Dictionary of Biography was working on a 500-word entry titled: 'Fred Rebell: farmer, carpenter, sailor'. The sub-editor notes:

'The difficulty regarding this entry is that the information cannot be vigorously checked for accuracy and is he really distinguished?'

The ADB eventually included his entry in this dictionary of notable Australians.

Coda ~

In 2011 Alan Lucas, an Australian author and yachtsman, wrote an article in the online magazine *Afloat* in which the following appears:

'... Simple, I recently held Fred's 80-year-old-sextant in my hands to personally marvel at his ingenuity. How I got to hold this Holy Grail of cruising for a few precious moments cannot be divulged here because I am sworn to secrecy. I can say, however, that thousands of tides ago a friend got chatting to an elderly man in a Sydney park who proved to be Fred Rebell. Fred gave him his instruments to prevent their being lost to prosperity ... He also denounced his remarkable voyage as being irrelevant ... He died 10 November 1968, but not before handing his artefacts to my friend who cares for them with great reverence to this day.'

It appears even Fred Rebell thought his famous voyage was irrelevant – strangely. *G de B*



Scruffy but detailed and effective: Fred's home-made chart of the Fiji Islands

On May 8, 1837, *H.M.S. Pylades* was off the Cape of Good Hope “in a heavy gale with a tremendous sea running.” James Miles fell overboard from the mizzen topsail yard. Miles later told Captain Castle, “As soon as I came up again after I had first struck the water, I looked out for the ship, and getting sight of her running away from me... knew there would be no use swimming after it or singing out. Then, sir, I felt very certain that you would not let me drown without an attempt to pick me up, and there were plenty of fine fellows on board who would be anxious to come to my assistance...”

“As I rose on top of the sea, I caught sight of the ship as you wore her round, and that gave me courage, for I felt I was not to be deserted... I knew there would be no use swimming; so all I did was throw myself on my back and float till you came up to me... When the ship got back, I saw her hove to away down to leeward but did not like to sing out for fear of tiring myself, and thought you would not hear me... when at last I heard your voice give orders to wear ship again. Then, thinks I to myself, now or never’s the time to sing out. And raising myself as high as I could out of the water, I sang out at the top of my voice. There was silence on board, and no answer; I did begin to feel there was a chance of being lost after all.

“Never give in, though, thinks I; so I sung out again, as loud as you may be sure as I could sing. This time the answering cheers of my shipmates gave me fresh spirits; but I knew full well I wasn’t safe on board yet... I kept floating on my back as before, just keeping an eye to leeward to see if a boat was coming to pick me up” and a boat did just that. Captain Castle notes, “I was much struck by the extraordinary coolness of Miles” (W.H.G. Kingston, Chapter 21, 1910).

This story illustrates the themes of this article. First, a successful rescue depends on the “coolness” of the person in the water and the rescuers. We might be more able to have this quality if we understand it in more conventional terms. Miles, in being “cool,” was being temperate. He was also showing fortitude. The practice of these two classical virtues allowed him to practice a third, prudence or good judgment (Hughes 1998, 802). I will be using the classical concepts of these virtues, not the modern ones. Prudence in the classical view is “nothing less than the virtue that perfects reasoning about human action” (Nelson). In our day prudence is often seen as undue caution or selfish calculation. In what follows I will explain the role of the classical type of prudence, judgment, in successful rescues. I will attempt to show how the rescuer demonstrates the eight qualities of prudence described by Thomas Aquinas.

Second, Miles and the captain and crew also had a plan for how to carry out a rescue and had prepared for it. I will describe a four part program for crew overboard rescue, prevention, rescue, first aid and preparation. I will describe such a program for small sailing boats. I am assuming the boats have no motors and no electronic devices. In describing crew overboard rescue using a simple boat, perhaps the reader will be less distracted by technical questions. Then the principles of rescue applicable in more complex boats may be more apparent.

Prevention: Staying Onboard

Maintain objectivity in danger: On the water, emergencies can begin suddenly, each

Crew Overboard Rescue Using a Sailing Boat

By Duncan Wright

sailor should have his own rehearsed way of maintaining objectivity. Otherwise, sailors may panic, act hastily and make the situation worse, “The captain of a commercial fishing boat was reeving a line through a block when the boat rolled in a heavy ground swell. He grabbed the line to steady himself, but it ran through the block and he went overboard. A crewman saw the captain floundering with no life jacket, so he jumped into the water to save the captain. A block on the line flew into the water after him, hit him on the head and he went straight down. Both men were lost, and the boat was returned to port by its lone remaining crewman” (Biggs, 1976).

Exercise caution in safety: “He is safe from danger who even in safety takes precaution” as Publius Syrus says (Stevenson, 306). It might be useful to recall the example of Mike Burch, an agile veteran of single handed ocean races, who moved about his boat like an elderly lady.

If agile, it would be prudent to be extra cautious to compensate for the tendency to rely on our agility, take shortcuts and be careless for a moment. Failing to do so may have unexpected results, as in the following story. A man rowed out to his 30’ sailboat. As he had hundreds of times, he stood up in his dinghy to climb aboard. He fell in and floated away in the current, without a life jacket. A boat approached to rescue him but had no equipment to bring him on board. They towed him ashore, after cutting his leg with the propeller of the engine (Marine Casualty Investigation Board, Ireland, 2009).

In the relative safety of moderate weather, it would be prudent to take precautions as if the weather were rough. Eric Hiscock, who twice sailed around the world, says, “In heavy weather, the sense of self preservation makes most people act on the sailor’s old maxim ‘one hand for yourself and one for the ship;’ the risk of going overboard is therefore greater in moderate weather when a moment’s carelessness or a sudden unexpected lurch may send one headlong over the side.” (Hiscock, 385).

While sailing from the Galapagos to the Marquesas, Ben Pester describes falling overboard: “Peter (the only crewmate) was soundly asleep below and I was having an easy time on the tiller. The wind being broad on the quarter, the boat’s motion running before these southeast trades was relatively easy and life was altogether congenial. Responding the call of nature, and lashing the tiller, I went forward. Leaning my shoulder against the after lee shroud left both hands free for the operation, but for once, my shoulder slipped and I found myself in slow motion pitching head first into the water sluicing along the topsides. I tried to catch hold of the gunwale, but it was just out of reach and moving fast past my outstretched hands.

Now, left swimming off *Tern’s* rapidly receding stern, the gap widening fast between me and my sole support system, the realization flooded over me, pragmatically and quite matter of fact, that I was going to drown... It was at that moment that I remembered the

‘fish’ (a patent log trailed behind the boat on a thin line). Pester was able to grab the line and pull himself back the boat (Cunliffe, 146-8).

Sailors in small boats close to shore have had similar experiences. On October 21, 2005, John McBride sailed out of Bunbey, County Donegal, in the *Lady Helen*, a 19’ Drascombe Lugger. On October 22, his body was recovered. He was last seen at 7:00 hours on October 21. The weather was cloudy and mild with very slack winds and a very heavy swell of 4.5’ to 6’ in height. “The most likely explanation for this casualty is that Mr McBride at some stage decided to run down the sails and proceed under power... At some stage he lost his footing, possibly due to the heavy swell acting against a small boat and fell overboard.” When the boat was found, a pipe and a bag of tobacco lay on the seat (Marine Casualty Investigation Board (Ireland) 2007).

Practice circumspection: Circumspection is the awareness of all of the circumstances affecting a course of action. It is similar to situational awareness. Not practicing circumspection can put the sailor at risk. One might, for example swim off the boat without taking all of the circumstances into account. Robert Leslie recalls being in a rowboat with his young brother, he anchored the boat and went swimming with the tide running. “This would have been all right had I weighed anchor again before going overboard, which boy like, of course, I did not do, with the result that, when after some easy strokes down tide, I endeavored to regain the boat, I found that in spite of hard swimming, I was steadily and surely drifting out to sea.

My brother was a mere child, so that I was practically alone and I remember feeling more bothered as to what he would do, left alone in the boat, than about myself.” Leslie swam with the tide to the nearest shore, then ran back along the shore “until far enough above the boat to regain her with the tide... I need not say that this was my last attempt at a bath from anything anchored in a strong tideway” (Leslie, 1894).

Take care of yourself to maintain your judgement: Objectivity in danger, caution in safety and circumspection are some of the characteristics of prudence, or practical judgment. Practical judgment, that embodiment of adulthood, is like a brilliant baby. Our judgment can deteriorate quickly when we are cold, hungry, distracted or upset in a conflict with others. Thus, we need to keep ourselves warm, well nourished, focused and calm. We also need to be well rested. Our judgment can deteriorate when we are tired, as in the following example from the *Aeneid* (Virgil, Book V).

Aeneas orders that all the masts be raised with speed, the yards spread with canvas. All the crewmen fasten the sheets, at once, together, they let loose the sails, to port, to starboard and, as one, they shift and turn the high yardarms, kind winds drive on the fleet. The first in that close squadron is Palinurus, leading. Everyone takes this command to steer their course by him.

And now damp Night had almost reached her midpoint along the skies, beneath their oars the sailors were stretching out on their hard rowing benches, their bodies sinking into easy rest, when gliding lightly from the stars of heaven. Sleep split the darkened air, cast back the shadows, searching for you, oh Palinurus, bringing his dismal dreams to you, an innocent.

The god sat down upon the high stern, taking the shape of Phorbas, pouring out these words, "Palinurus, son of Isaus, the seas themselves bear on the fleet, the breezes blow steadily, this is the time for rest. Lay down your head and steal your tired eyes from trials, and for a brief time, I myself will take your place, your duties."

Palinurus, who scarcely lifts his eyes, makes this reply, "And you are asking me to act as if I did not know the face of this calm sea and its still waves? Do you ask me to trust this monster? Why should I confide Aeneas to the deceiving winds, I who have been cheated so often by the treachery of tranquil skies?" He held the tiller fast and not once did he let loose his grasp, his eyes were fixed upon the stars.

But look, the god now shakes a bough the drips with Lethe's dew, drenched with the stupefying power of the Styx, on Palinurus' temples, as he struggles, his swimming eyes relax. That sudden rest has just begun to let his limbs fall slack when bending down, the god cast him headlong into the limpid waters, as he fell, he tore away part of the stern and helm, and often cried out, in vain, to his companions.

Father Aeneas felt his ship drift, aimless, its pilot lost, he took the helm himself and steered his galley through the midnight waters, while sighing often, stunned by the disaster fallen upon his friend, "O Palinurus, too trustful of the tranquil sky and sea, you will lie naked on an unknown shore."

When Palinurus first was tempted by sleep he objected adamantly. Perhaps the vehemence of his objection and his renewed effort, seemed enough, he did not call for a relief navigator. At times, we too may simply note our waning abilities and try harder. We may not ask to be relieved. We may even wave off offers of help, putting us, and others, at risk.

Know the boat: Circumnavigators Larry and Lynn Pardey (1982) suggest putting on a blindfold when the boat is anchored in a harbor. Moving around the boat, we'll discover the dangerous spots.

Acquire skills: "No amount of skill, no equipment and no boat will keep you immune if you don't develop the most important sea-going skill of all, a complete fear of falling overboard" (Pardey 1982).

To be skilled at moving about the boat, assume that your boat is more unstable than it actually is. Assume it is a canoe. Therefore, keep your shoulders inside the gunwale. To pick up an object in the water, reach with a paddle or guide the boat to where you can grab the object without leaning over the gunwale (American Canoe Association, 2011).

Never stand up. When moving on hands and knees, have three limbs for yourself and one for the boat. Finally, move with the movement of the boat, as a dancer does with their partner.

Judgment, knowledge and skill can keep us onboard. In a small open boat, there is no equipment, nothing else, that will do so. In spite of these preventive steps, one of the sailors may fall in. In that case, we'll have a rescue plan ready to carry out.

Rescuing a Person in the Water

What the person in the water should do? The very first step, grab a line if you can. After falling in, try to grab a line and tie it around your body as in the following example:

Captain Castle recalls that later in the passage of the *HMS Pylades* to England,

"the ship was running in a lightish breeze and almost calm sea across the Bay of Biscay, when Miles was sent on the fore top-gallant yard. By some carelessness he fell completely over the yard and those aloft expected to see him dashed to pieces on the forecastle. Instead of that, the foresail at that moment swelled out with a sudden breeze, and striking the bulge of the sail, he was sent forward clear of the bows and hove into the water. A rope was towing overboard. He caught hold of it, and hauling himself on board, was again aloft within a couple of minutes attending to his duty, which had been so suddenly interrupted" (W.H.G. Kingston, Chapter 21).

If you are unable to grab a line, swimming more than a few yards will probably be futile, you'll need respond in steps that you have memorized. I will give an overview of the response and then describe each step in more detail.

Overview: The 1:10:1 Response: One minute, be still. Get breathing under control.

Ten minutes of meaningful movement. Assess the situation and make a plan. Call for help or blow a whistle. Tighten clothing at the wrists and ankles to lessen heat loss.

One hour (or more) of useful consciousness: Concentrate on slowing heat loss (Minnesota Department of Natural Resources)

Description of the response in detail: With this basic approach in mind, it would be useful to anticipate, in more detail, the psychological and physical experiences of falling into cold water. By learning how people felt when they fell overboard we are preparing ourselves. If we fall overboard, we won't be as surprised.

Out on a bay in late October, Whit Rob leaned over the stern of his motor boat to fix a broken shear pin, and fell overboard. "The sea came up to my face, and as I went under, the cold Atlantic jabbed at my body... Frantically I clawed to the surface, sputtering and grabbed at the motor's underwater unit.

"Fighting shock, I reached up the slippery slippery surface of the transom and just barely reached its top with one hand. Trying to get the other hand up, I lost my grip and fell back into the frigid water.

"Thoroughly frightened now, I clumsily paddled along the side of the boat until I reached the bow and the anchor rope. I tried to pull myself up the rope, but I soon realized that the bow was much too high. Moving to the stern again, I clung to the outboard's projecting underwater unit, the only thing available to cling to, and struggled frantically to get the heavy waterlogged jacket off. Then I lunged for the transom top again, one hand stretched as far up as possible. I caught it and pulled myself up mightily. But then the weight of water in my hip boots took command, and I simply could not get up far enough to clamber aboard. I looked toward the beach and saw only the shuttered lifeless cottages in the failing light.

"I hung there on the transom, arms and chest out of the water and the rest of my body in the numbing cold water. Terror swept over me. I couldn't climb aboard, and it was obvious I wasn't going to be able to hold on much longer. The cold was going to work on me rapidly, and the helpless, hopeless feeling which came over me is hard to describe. I just hung there, half in and half out of the sea. Then my aching fingers lost control and I slipped off the transom. My head plunged under the sea again.

"As the waves blurred my vision, I dimly saw the bow of a small boat over my head, and hands reaching down toward me. They pulled me aboard..." (Whiting, p. 131-132).

Remembering stories like this may help us if we fall overboard. We may be able to calmly note the feeling of terror, then observe what is happening physically, and act effectively.

The Stages of Cold Water Immersion and How To Respond

Cold water shock: Human beings are tropical animals. When they plunge into cold water, they experience cold water shock. Over the first three minutes they gasp for air, their heart races and their blood pressure rises. They may inhale water or sometimes go into cardiac arrest. The response peaks in 30 seconds (Golden and Tipton, 64).

People unaccustomed to cool water may experience cold water shock in water at 25° Celsius (77° Fahrenheit) (Golden and Tipton, 59).

All are in danger if the water is by definition cold (below 15° Celsius) (59° Fahrenheit) (Transport Canada 2003).

Be as still as a bottle after you fall in. "Your nose is the mouth of the bottle and must be kept out of the water; if it goes under, do not breathe until it comes out" (Qualtrough 1903).

Being still keeps cold water from flowing under your clothes and displacing buoyant air in the critical early minutes of immersion (Golden and Tipton, 2002).

Maintain a compact posture to minimize heat loss. Keep arms and legs close to the body. In relatively calm water try using the H.E.L.P. (Heat Escape Lessening Position). Cross your ankles. Cross your arms tightly across your chest and put your hands high on your shoulders or neck. Draw your knees to your chest. Keep your head and neck out of the water (Minnesota Dept of Natural Resources).

The H.E.L.P. position may not work in a seaway (Golden and Tipton, 2002).

In rough conditions, turn your back to the waves to keep your nose and mouth free of spray. If you must swim a short distance, use only the legs (IMO, 2012).

Swim failure: Over the first 15 minutes, the muscles and nerves of our tropical animal cool off. A swimmer loses the ability to use his hands and fingers in precise movements. He may begin to swim more vertically and less efficiently as his muscles become paralyzed by the cold. He struggles to keep his head out of the water. Sometimes he inhales water and starts to drown.

Thus, early in this period, complete any task requiring dexterity. Tighten up fastenings of your clothing at neck, wrists and ankles, less cold water will reach your skin. Maintain one the compact postures noted above to slow heat loss. If you must swim a short distance use only your legs (IMO, 2012).

Hypothermia: Hypothermia is the cooling of the whole body to a core temperature of 95° Fahrenheit/35° Celsius, or less. Unlike cold shock, hypothermia is "unlikely to be a problem within 30 minutes of head-out immersion in a fit, clothed adult, even in water as cold as 5° Celsius (41° Fahrenheit) (Golden and Tipton, 2002, 113).

With any luck, you will be out of the water by then. However, you may begin to note some of the signs of hypothermia, such as feeling as if you were drunk, sleepy or confused, or your muscles may feel more rigid. Maintain the compact postures noted above.

Circum-rescue Collapse: Collapse Just Before Rescue: Sometimes a person in the water drowns as the rescue boat approaches. There are two possible explanations. Just before rescue “the sound of the rescue boat sometimes prompts people in the water to wave. In so doing they disturb the trapped air from under their waterproof oversuit and suddenly sink (Golden and Tipton, 2002, 77).

It is also possible that a person relaxes suddenly and the reduction of the stress response leads to shock and drowning (Tipton, 2016).

If you are in the water, stay still, blow a whistle or shout but do not wave unless you are wearing a life jacket. “Maintain your determination to survive throughout, do not relax too soon” (IMO, 2012).

Collapse During Rescue: While the person is in the water, water pressure acts a little like long blood pressure cuffs around each leg. When the person is pulled out of the water, the cuffs are deflated and blood rushes into the legs, blood pressure drops suddenly. Decreased blood flow to the brain can result in a loss of consciousness. Decreased blood flow to the coronary arteries can result in cardiac arrest (Golden and Tipton, 259).

A second cause of collapse at the time of rescue is “an increase in the work rate of a cold heart when aiding in one’s own rescue” especially in people with cardiac problems (Golden and Tipton, 278). To minimize these two risks, ask for help getting out of the water, horizontally if possible.

Post Rescue Collapse: There are three types, re warming collapse, drowning and delayed drowning. These are discussed in the section on first aid.

What the Crew in the Boat Should Do: Regroup, Return, Recover. When a person falls overboard, everyone may feel frightened and confused. To rescue the person in the water, the crew needs to accomplish three tasks: remain calm, choose a rescue plan and carry it out. Like the lifeboat officer, they should aim to be “sympathetically strict, optimistic, cheerful and confident” (Danton, 184).

Regroup: This is an opportunity to keep in mind the naval watchwords of vigilance and foresight.

Be Vigilant: Watch the person in the water. A designated pointer should point continuously, reassure the person in the water and tell the skipper the position. If you lose track of the person in the water, scan the area “using your head,” that is, move your head, not just your eyes (Brewster, 2017).

Use Foresight: “STOP:” Stop, or slow, the boat, put it on a beam reach with the sails flapping. Do a physical gesture that you have planned to use, to calm yourself down. Use a method you have practiced to calm yourself down. Think. Observe the boat, the conditions and the person in the water. Plan the return. As the American Red Cross (2012, 6) suggests that you “FIND,” that is, figure out the problem. Identify possible plans to return and recover the person. Name the pros and cons of each. Decide on a plan

Prepare the recovery gear, such as a heaving line, boarding ladder or recovery line, as described below.

Return: Sail slowly and in control. Avoid getting too far to leeward, in a light boat, getting back to windward may be difficult. To accomplish these goals, use the “reach tack reach” method described by the New Zealand Coast Guard.

Put the boat on a beam reach (bidgee

across the boat). Reach for about ten seconds (US Sailing, 2008).

You might let the jib flap (Sleight, 2012).

Tack and sail on a beam reach. The person is now on the weather bow.

Luff up to approach the person in the water on a close reach. “Control your speed by sheeting and easing out the main. Leeway will increase as you slow down, allow for this.”

Come alongside the person in the water so that he is beside the weather shroud. If there are heavy swells which may cause the boat to roll towards the person in the water and strike him, keep at a distance; throw a heaving line or extend an oar, then bring the person alongside at a safe time.

Recover: If you cannot recover the person immediately, attach him to the boat with a recovery line so he won’t drift away.

Assess the person in the water. Decide if he is a) strong and alert, b) weak and cold or c) injured, unconscious or very heavy. Pick a method of recovery that is suitable for a person in that condition. There are several methods to choose from:

Help the person climb in. Put a re boarding device in the water, then help the person climb in. If you don’t have a ladder, “a heavy rope secured at both ends and draped over the side (almost touching the water) can provide a makeshift step if necessary” (Transport Canada, 2011).

Or tie a bowline in the end of a line (Sleight, 2012) or several loops approximately one foot to a foot and half apart (Luttrell, 1998).

Reach and grab: Coast Guard Canada (2000) advises, “Take hold of the casualty, bring him alongside the boat, and pull him up onto the gunwale... Then turn the casualty into a horizontal position, and supporting the head and neck, roll him gently onto the deck.”

In using this method or others, explain the method simply, one step at a time (Rousmaniere, 9/8/12).

Protect yourself, use your arms, legs and body weight, not your back. Lean to windward to bring the gunwale closer to the person in the water. When the person is partly in the boat, move to the centerline to lever him out of the water. Technique is as important as strength.

Use a recovery line for casualties who are difficult to lift; people who are very heavy, not wearing a life jacket, or wearing little clothing. Ask the person to face the boat and put this hands on the gunwale. Run a line from your hand under one armpit of the casualty, around this back, under the other armpit and back to your hand. Hold both ends, and pull.

In the “reach and grab” method there are several things to avoid doing. Do not lean over the gunwale to reach the person, they may pull you in. Generally, unless you are trained, do not jump in the water to rescue the person as “this puts another person at risk” (Rousmaniere 9/18/12).

Do not grab the person’s shoulder and pull, you may dislocate it. Pull on a life jacket or on a recovery line instead.

Use the Leg and Arm Roll: Use this method if the person is weak and cold and your boat has a gunwale. The person in the water lies horizontally on his back alongside the boat, his head toward the bow. He rolls onto his side to face the boat. At the same time, he lifts the new upper arm and leg over the gunwale.

Then the rescuer grabs the lower arm and leg and rolls the person over the gunwale into the boat.

Rousmaniere (2012) says that “awkward as it sounds, this method is easy to explain and simple to use.” Smaller, weaker rescuers may find more success with this method. One advantage of this method is that it makes maximum use of the buoyancy of seawater to get the length of the person close to the gunwale. And the rescuer can remain lower in an unstable boat than while using some other methods.

Use a Parbuckle: A parbuckle is a device composed of two lines that allows the person to be rolled up the side of the boat like a barrel (Figure 1). You can use a parbuckle if the person in the water is conscious but very heavy, hypothermic, unconscious or injured, says the New Zealand Coast Guard. Lifting the person in a horizontal position” minimizes the risk of shock induced by sudden transfer from the water” (IMO, 2012).

Attach two lines “inside the gunwale approximately 4’ apart.” Place the person horizontally, face up with his nose clear of the water, with this head toward to the bow. Run one line under this thighs and another under this back at chest level, enclosing his arms. Take an even strain on the two lines and roll the person into the boat like a barrel. Be sure that the line across the chest does not slide up to the neck. (US Coast Guard, 2013).

If the person may have sustained a spinal injury, you may ask if using a parbuckle poses a risk. It does, but the risk of the person remaining in the water and drowning is a higher risk (Coast Guard Canada, 2003)

After the Rescue: First Aid

The Philosophy of First Aid: Dr Louis Merker says, “When you are on the water, you must think and act quickly. The less you have to remember, the more likely you are to remember it well.”

“Now what does first aid really mean? First aid means you are the first one there. Simple quick remedies at first may be better than a blood transfusion later. Also, remember that you are only a substitute. You are merely doing part of a job until help arrives. So do not do too much and don’t do it for too long. Beyond a definite time do not prolong treatment. Get help” (Merker, 1950).

Treatment of Common Injuries: A current first aid manual should be consulted. I will make some general points most relevant in the rescue of people from the water.

Drowning: Definition, “Drowning is the process of experiencing respiratory impairment from submersion/immersion in liquid.” (World Health Organization in Brewster, 101).

Thus, someone who inhaled some water, had trouble breathing and then completely recovered still had an episode of drowning.

Mechanism of Injury: When a person inhales water, this lungs bring less oxygen to the body. If not corrected, the person will stop breathing. If breathing is not restored, the person will go into cardiac arrest a short time later (Brewster, 283).

Treatment: Position the drowning victim lying face up, with the body level. Do not position the victim with the head down, as this will increase the likelihood of vomiting (Brewster, 285).

If the victim goes into respiratory arrest, begin with rescue breaths. (Do not begin with the usual chest compressions). “Victims with only respiratory arrest usually respond after a few artificial breaths are given” (Brewster 2017, 283). Then call for help to get the victim to a hospital.

Watching for Delayed Drowning: “Any water entering the lungs causes them to become irritated, and the air passages may begin to swell several hours later” (Piazza, 100).

For example, a young couple, experienced sailors in wetsuits and lifejackets, capsized their Laser dinghy and could not right it. The water temperature was 54° Fahrenheit. A helicopter rescued them 30 minutes later. “On arrival in hospital they were still alive though barely conscious. Sadly, they were both to die from drowning in the next 24 hours” (Golden, 79).

Watch for signs of delayed drowning, such as crackling and wheezing when an ear is applied to the chest wall, or breathing difficulty, especially if associated with cyanosis (Golden and Tipton, 265). Then arrange for evacuation to a hospital.

Hypothermia: Recognition: “As hypothermia develops, there may be shivering, and cold, pale, dry skin, apathy, disorientation, or irrational behavior, lethargy or impaired consciousness, slow and shallow breathing, slow and weakening pulse” (Piazza, 2014). The deep armpit may feel like cold marble (Golden and Tipton, 101).

The Aims of Treatment: “To prevent the casualty from losing body heat, to rewarm the casualty, to obtain help if necessary” (Piazza, 2014).

Treatment Methods: Remove wet clothes only if it can be done gently (US Search and Rescue Task Force). Wrap in blankets, lie next to him to provide warmth. Only if the casualty is fully conscious, give sweet warm drinks without caffeine and high energy foods, such as chocolate. Watch for a decrease in the level of consciousness, which may indicate a dropping core temperature (Coast Guard Canada, 2000).

Once you are sure the person is not merely cold, but hypothermic, call for help.

Cautions: Avoid handling the casualty roughly, rough handling can cause a chilled heart to go into cardiac arrest. Avoid rapid re-warming, which can cause the person to collapse. Do not place the person near a campfire, for example. Too rapid re-warming can cause the blood vessels in the skin to dilate rapidly. The volume of the circulatory system suddenly increases and blood pressure drops, this can lead to shock and cardiac arrest. After the *S.S. Empire Howard* sank, conscious survivors were brought onto the deck of a ship. “Many lost consciousness when taken into the warmth of the trawler” (Golden and Tipton 2002, 249).

After First Aid: When to send to a hospital, continue care onboard, or release from care? “The following people should be sent to a hospital in most cases. Any victim who has lost consciousness, even for a brief period. Any victim who required rescue breathing. Any victim who required cardiopulmonary resuscitation. Any victim in whom a serious condition is suspected, such as a heart attack, spinal injury, other injury, asthma, epilepsy, stinger, intoxication, delirium, etc” (Brewster, 2017, 287). Continue care onboard for milder conditions such as mild chilling without signs of hypothermia.

Release from care, using the following guideline: B.C. Brewster (2017) advises life guards on this point. “The following people may be considered for release from care at the scene, if after 10-15 minutes of careful observation while being warmed with blankets or other coverings as required, the victim meets ALL of the requirements listed, no

cough, normal rate of breathing, normal circulation as measured by pulse in strength and rate and blood pressure (if available), normal skin color and skin perfusion, no shivering, fully conscious, awake and alert.”

Watch for delayed lung complications. If possible, the person should not be left alone for 24 hours. If an immersion victim later develops cough, breathlessness or fever, they should seek medical advice immediately (Brewster, 2017, 288).

Having devised a plan to rescue someone in the water and to provide first aid, it is necessary to prepare oneself to carry out these plans.

Preparing to Rescue a Person in the Water and Provide First Aid

To carry out a rescue plan, before being on the water, we’ll need to prepare ourselves, the boat and the equipment. To prepare ourselves, we need to become physically fit. We need to acquire the necessary judgment, knowledge and skill. You might start with physical preparation. You’d want to train to reach a standard of strength, flexibility and endurance that would allow you to climb back into a boat from the water, in heavy wet clothes.

If you often sail in cold waters, you might consider habituating your body to immersion in it. This will significantly decrease the impact of cold water shock in the first few minutes in the water. If you sat in cold water (59° Fahrenheit or 15° Celsius) for two minutes a day for five days, the increase in your breathing rate due to cold shock would drop by 50%. Forty minute cold baths for seven days reduces the effects of cold water shock by 75%. Most of the effect lasts a year (Golden and Tipton, 2002, 66).

You can acquire the knowledge, skills and judgment to use in rescues by doing three things; memorization, practice and mental rehearsal.

Memorize the steps in the rescue and in first aid. In order not to panic when someone goes over the side, or if you are in the water, it will help if you have memorized a breathing method you can use to calm yourself down.

Practice the steps in the rescue, regroup return and recover. To practice the return, make a substitute for a person, tie a fender to water containers containing at least six gallons of water. “Fill them almost full of water so that they drift in a way similar to a person... Throw the containers overboard on each of the points of sailing until you are confident you can return on each occasion. Practice until you can bring the boat to a complete stop with the bottles alongside the windward shroud on virtually every attempt.” By practicing the return, you will learn “how to sail slowly and under control, the skill that defines the expert sailor” (Sleight, 2012, 119).

Chris Nolan, a former Coast Guard captain adds, “Each boat is unique, so rehearsing on each particular boat with each particular crew, is vital. It’s worth asking, what is the most likely thing to go wrong, such as being hit by the boom, etc. Then drill for that. One thing I did in the Coast Guard was to read mishap reports from other ships and drill the exact same scenario with my crew” (Nolan, 2108).

Practice First Aid Techniques: Mentally rehearse the actions you will need to take if someone falls overboard. “Unless you have rehearsed the action in your mind, you will be powerless to act promptly” (Admiralty, 1964, III, 242). Continue the rehearsals periodically while sailing.

On the day of the sail, a different sort of preparation occurs. Exercising foresight (another quality of good judgment), you would want to invite only guests who would be able to rescue you should you fall overboard. Not doing so presents risks, as in the following example:

In July 2012, in San Diego Bay, California, “the owner of a 36’ sailboat was taking two guests out for an afternoon sail. One of the jib sheets got hung up on the foredeck cleat, and the owner turned the wheel over to one of the guests and went forward to clear it. As the boat bounced on a wave, he lost his balance and fell overboard, not wearing a life jacket. The two guests had no sailing experience and had no idea how to turn the boat back to reach him, but they were able to radio for help. Later, harbor police recovered his body” (Lochas, 2013). Having invited guests, brief them on rescue procedures. There will not be time to do so later.

Preparing the boat is also important. You might prevent a few people going over the side by buying a boat with a boomless rig. In any sort of boat, consider making a smooth place over which to clamber back into the boat from the water. Locate attachments for parbuckle lines.

There are two types of equipment, personal equipment and rescue gear. Personal equipment includes a life jacket, foul weather gear, and sometimes a safety harness. “The only effective life jacket is the one you’re wearing when you fall overboard,” Roger Taylor writes.

On Memorial Day 1996, on Stillwater Reservoir in the Adirondacks, a canoe paddled by an 18-year-old and a 10-year-old was taken in tow in high winds. “The canoe capsized. The younger boy, wearing a life jacket, was rescued first.” A minute later, the older boy, not wearing a life jacket, disappeared. His body was found the next day (Sutherland, 2012).

Sailors should wear life jackets that fit and ideally have thigh or crotch straps. Some sailors in ill fitting life jackets have drowned. Sailors should choose a type of life jacket that is large enough to be buoyant while being slim enough to allow them to climb aboard. Single handers need to choose a life jacket that does not impair their swimming ability, because “the all important thing is to get back to the boat” (Coleman, 1976). Attach a whistle to the life jacket with a lanyard.

If you buy foul weather gear with adjustable closures at the neck, wrist and ankles, you can tighten them up after falling in to keep cold water out. In regard to the color of the gear, international orange is the most visible in all conditions (all SOLAS approved life jackets are international orange).

Safety harnesses, Margaret Dye suggests, “should be designed to keep the person’s head and shoulders above the water if towed for any distance. The harness line should be tied to the strongest part of the dinghy “in our case the thwart.” The harness line should 16’ to 20’ long. This will lessen the risk of getting caught up in the rigging if the boat capsizes (1992).

Rescue gear includes a reboarding device able to be pulled down by someone in the water from either side of the boat, and enough rope for a heaving line, a recovery line and a parbuckle (Transport Canada requires a reboarding device in any boat with a freeboard of more than 20” inches, (0.5 meters) as well as a buoyant heaving line).

In a small boat it is useful to have gear that can serve more than one purpose. Throw ropes in bags attached near the port and starboard gunwales aft of the shrouds could serve five purposes, as heaving lines, as recovery lines, as a reboarding step. The crew in the boat drapes the line to water level between two secure attachment points (Transport Canada).

As parbuckles (if there are two attachment points 4' apart), as capsize righting lines that can be thrown over the hull if it is upside down.

For single handers, there is a simple addition, a 75' floating line with a buoy, trailed behind the boat (Meisel, 1984).

Some argue for keeping a flotation cushion available to throw to a person in the water. However, the authors at Transport Canada say, "Experience has shown that a lifesaving cushion is of little practical use in assisting a person in the water to stay afloat. It is more difficult for some people to use, especially the very young and older individuals. Lifesaving cushions are impractical to wear. Personal flotation devices must be worn and must fit to be effective" (2011). Nor does the Sea Safety Group mention it in its advice for dinghy sailors. Dinghies may just not have room for this item, a staple on larger boats.

Crew Overboard Rescue: The Role of Judgment: In carrying out the rescue and providing first aid you can use a process suggested by the American Red Cross (2012), called "FIND:"

Figure out the problem: You employ objectivity in unexpected situations. You do this well because of what you have already done, you have memorized essential facts and understood the basic principles applicable in many situations, aided by your open-mindedness, your disposition to learn.

Identify possible solutions.

Name the pros and cons of each possible solution. In doing so, reason well, applying basic principles to a unique problem.

Decide on a course of action: You choose among the options using foresight, "the capacity to estimate with a sure instinct for the future whether a particular action will lead to the realization of a goal" (Pieper, 1959). You are circumspect, you consider all the circumstances around the problem. (This is similar to using situational awareness.) You may decide that an apparently good solution in unlikely to work, given the circumstances. You are cautious, you look for the potentially harmful effects of a good action. You then plan to avoid these effects, minimize them or choose to do something else.

In doing all of this you have deliberated well and made a good decision. You have practiced one of the four cardinal virtues, the virtue of good judgment, or prudence. In fact, you have practiced the eight integral parts of prudence as described by Thomas Aquinas (Aquinas, 2002, Pieper, 1959).

Prudence devises "fitting ways for a truly good end." While prudence applies to one's entire life, it also applies to occupations. Aquinas says that we call a "sailor prudent" when "such a one devises fitting ways to carry out sailing."

However, your task is not yet done. "Aquinas, like Aristotle, believed that one cannot have prudence without fortitude and temperance (two other cardinal virtues), because inappropriate emotional reactions to a particular situation would cloud one's grasp of what was morally required" (Hughes, 1998, 802.)

Conclusion

A crew overboard rescue program has four elements, prevention, a rescue plan, first aid and preparation. It also may help to describe the tasks in a colloquial way.

To stay onboard, think of yourself as an old frail person, in a canoe. If you fall in, at first, stay as still as a bottle. If you are the crew in the boat, return calmly, as if approaching a bottle in the water. If the person in the water is strong, reach and grab him. If he is cold and weak, use your arms to roll him in like a log. If he is unconscious, use lines to roll him in like a barrel. When providing first aid, remember you are first, for a little while. Don't do too much for too long. Get help if needed.

If you've just gotten out of the water, be a possum for a while, in order to fully recover. Once recovered, be like an owl, and think wisely about your future voyages, passages and adventures!

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The Charles River Trip

On August 25 the Norumbega paddlers returned to the Charles River in Auburndale, Massachusetts, the home of the old Norumbega Park, for a trip up and down the river. Launching at the Woerd Avenue ramp in Waltham is the most convenient way to access the river. The good folks in Waltham have provided nice docks and plenty of parking for those putting in here.



Launching in Waltham, the Morris, the Molitor and the Wee Lassie.

Michael Clarke arrived from just around the corner in Newton, Benson Gray drove down from Freeport, Maine, while Greg and Shelly O'Brien came from Melrose. Chuck and Diane Cossaboom were able to paddle to the put in from their home just upstream from the launch site.

Michael paddled a Wee Lassie II canoe that he made some time ago. The Wee Lassie II is a design by the late Mac McCarthy and was made from a Newfound Woodworks kit. Mike has plans to someday make another, smaller one from the same forms.



Michael Clarke paddles the Wee Lassie II past Chuck and Diane Cossaboom in the Courting Canoe. The Greenland style double paddle was made from a spruce 2"x4' and covered with epoxy.

Greg and Shelly brought the 1915 Morris, an appropriate canoe for the Charles River, and Chuck and Diane paddled their Courting Canoe made by an unknown builder, most likely right in this area of the river.



Chuck and Diane in the Courting Canoe, a real beauty with Birdseye maple decks and trim. We have been looking at this canoe for many years and no one has yet been able to make a positive identification of its builder.



Norumbega Chapter WCHA

The Southern New England Chapter
of the Wooden Canoe Heritage

Association, Ltd

Winter Newsletter

Steve Lapey, Editor

Winter is upon us once again and all of the canoes have either been put away for the season or brought into the shop for the routine maintenance that makes keeping a wooden canoe so much fun. Here at the canoe shop we have several winter projects lined up that will occupy us until Norumbega's winter meeting in March, including a new building form for a 14' solo canoe based on lines taken from a Chestnut "Fox."



Chestnut "Fox" on a river in the UK. These little canoes were popular all over the world. In later years models with narrow ribs were called the "Playmate."



Benson brought a lovely, 1982 Old Town Molitor that he has owned since new. In green and white with a mahogany rub rail it makes a pretty picture on the water.



Norumbega canoes on the Charles River.

The Cossaboos generously provided the paddlers the use of their lawn on the edge of the river for the picnic lunch.



The Nashua River Adventure

We had three canoes and six paddlers on the Nashua river for our final paddle event of 2018 in September. Greg O'Brien, Ed Howard, Gary Amirault, Steve Lapey and Bob Bundy along with Gary's longtime friend, John Orsini from Haverhill, Massachusetts, met at the Still River Depot launching ramp near Harvard, Massachusetts.

Bob Bundy came down from Concord, New Hampshire, to represent the Chocorua Chapter, the new group from New Hampshire. Leaving his new Prospector canoe home, he joined Greg O'Brien in the 15' Trapper. The bow seat of the Trapper had been cracked a while ago and, although it had been repaired, it wasn't quite strong enough to support a paddler. Shortly after launching Bob found himself sitting on the bottom of the canoe surrounded by splinters of mahogany. After the



Bob Bundy inspecting the Morris Canoe at the launching ramp.

seat collapsed we were able to support it using a couple of cushions that Gary had brought along. With the cushions jammed under the broken seat Bob was able to get back into paddling and complete the trip.

Gary and John glided along the river in the old Morris. They grew up as neighbors in Lynn and have stayed in touch over the years. The last time John remembers paddling in the old Morris it was just after Gary had inherited it from his uncle, who had done the first restoration of it about 25 years ago.



Steve and Ed in the Prospector. This canoe was lightly loaded here, it would be happier with another 400-500lbs of cargo in it.

Gunshots echoed off the riverbanks as we passed through the Fort Devens area of the river. Although Fort Devens has closed and is no longer an active Army base, the firing range is still used by many of our local police departments for weapons training. Fortunately the ranges are all facing well away from the river and all of the projectiles end up in embankments designed to trap them so we had no fears that stray rounds would be headed our way.

Lots of great blue herons were sighted along the way along with a few red tailed hawks. Frogs, turtles and swimming garter snakes were in abundance.


It was a perfect day for the trip, warm, a few clouds and no wind. We enjoyed a light current on the way downstream, a little more than unusual for this time of the year, perhaps a result of the more than average rain we have had. I was expecting a harder and slower paddle on the return portion of the trip but it didn't really take much longer than the downstream ride.

We discovered a relatively new canoe and kayak launching site near the Spruce Street Bridge, about a mile short of the Ayer Dam that we had planned on stopping at, but the new launch site made for a much nicer lunch site. At the dam we would have been eating our sandwiches between a highway and a railroad track. This was a great improvement. After the lunch break, we paddled back upstream to the Still River ramp for the take out.



Gary Amirault, John Orsini, Greg O'Brien, Ed Howard and Bob Bundy at the Nashua River boat launch.

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Background

In Part One of this series I described how I decided to circumnavigate the “Lower 48” of the United States in a trailer sailer, purchased a used 19’ Cornish Shrimper and prepared the boat for the Great Adventure. The journey will be a seasonal activity that is likely to take five to seven summers with each summer broken into two week intervals alternating time aboard with visits back home to Maryland. I plan to leave the boat wherever we are at the end of each summer.

Planning for Season One

During the winter of 2017, I created an Excel spreadsheet listing places that I wanted to visit during the summer of 2018. Then I divided the calendar into two week blocks of time (episodes), chose tentative itineraries for each episode and invited some friends to sail as crew for one week periods. My reasoning was that even close friends tire of each other’s company when confined to a tiny living space for more than a week. My wife, Meg, agreed to sail as crew for two weeks during the summer. I offered that she could stay aboard for the entire summer. But Meg is a generous woman and did not want to deprive others of this opportunity.

My plan for Season One was to travel from Kent Island, where I had a slip for *Tidings*, to Rockland, Maine, and then do a two week Downeast cruise starting and ending at Rockland. *Tidings* has a hull speed of about 5 knots. For planning daily distance goals, I used an average speed of 4 knots and a travel time of six hours. I chose tentative stopping places at approximately 24 mile intervals and marked those on my navigational charts.

I decided to sail the entire way except for the segment from Cape Cod to Portland, Maine. That section worried me because the distances between safe harbors is a bit farther than I felt I could easily travel during a single day. It was a safety decision to tow *Tidings* on her trailer for that leg of the trip.

Season One – Episode One Kent Island Maryland, to Mystic Connecticut

I love to visit Mystic Seaport. My family has been going there annually for about 20 years, usually to see the Wooden Boat show. I have sailed as paying crew on the museum’s schooner *Brilliant* twice. I wanted to take *Tidings* to Mystic and hail *Brilliant* from the deck of my own boat. I estimated that the trip from Kent Island to Mystic could be traveled in a two week period and there would be extra time to sit out bad weather or linger in promising places.

From my slip in Kent Island I had two choices for my route. I could sail south, exit the Chesapeake Bay at Cape Charles and sail north on the “outside” along the coast. We’ll call that the outside route. Or, I could sail north up the Chesapeake Bay to the Elk River, take the Elk to the Chesapeake & Delaware (C&D) canal to the Delaware Bay, proceed south to Cape May, New Jersey, and then enter the Intracoastal Waterway to make my way north. This is the “inside route.”

I chose the inside route because I wanted to be able to stop each night in a safe place without having to navigate in and out of inlets. I also wanted to do the trip up the Intracoastal Waterway from Cape May to Ocean City, New Jersey, to re live some of my youth. Those were my home waters as a boy.

My scheduled crew for the trip was Bill

Tidings’ Great Adventure (Part Two)

By Douglass Oeller

Covert. Bill lives in Somers Point, New Jersey. He volunteered to meet me along the C&D Canal and stay aboard at least until we got *Tidings* safely through New York City. I guessed that would take a week. Once clear of New York, I would go on alone. Bill has considerable experience sailing in the Delaware Bay and New York Harbor. He told me that he was excited about the trip and I was grateful to have him along as a friend and a mentor during the most dangerous parts of the trip.

Navigation

I know that many people like to load waypoints into their GPS and follow the electronic line. I prefer to mark the route and waypoints in pencil on a paper chart and tick off the progress on the chart as we proceed. I also write in the magnetic course and distances between waypoints so that I can do quick time and distance calculations to determine my estimated times of arrival. I bought five chart books from Maptech to cover the entire trip from Maryland to Maine, <http://www.richardsoncharts.com/parent-categories>. I keep a log with hourly progress update notes. I also write in the log the coordinates where I anchor each night if we are not in a marina. I do use a small hand held GPS to confirm my location periodically if there are no aids to navigation readily visible or when I find the markers confusing.

My most recent cruise on *Brilliant* was to help bring her home from Newport News, Virginia, to Mystic after the Great Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race in October of 2017. We took the outside route for the first part of the trip but came through New York Harbor and the East River to go into Long Island Sound. Captain Nicholas Alley coached me about navigation on that trip and I took note of landmarks in New York Harbor and Long Island Sound. So I knew what to do and what to expect when we reached the Big Apple.

Getting Started

I decided to begin my trip in early May so that I could pass through New Jersey before the greenhead flies hatched out. As the departure date drew near I had a local boatyard service the engine, buff and wax the hull and apply a new coat of bottom paint. Then I emptied everything out of the boat to give the interior a good cleaning before starting out. I didn’t realize at the time that I accidentally broke the throttle cable by stepping down on the engine control lever while cleaning the cockpit.

I loaded my supplies and equipment and launched *Tidings* at a local ramp two days prior to the departure date. Only when leaving the ramp did I discover the problem with the throttle cable. The control lever would not advance the throttle. It still worked to shift from neutral to forward or reverse. And if I pushed the governor lever (the attachment arm between the cable and the engine) forward by hand to speed up the engine, it would stay in position at that rpm setting. I could slow the rpms by pulling back on the control

lever. I used this technique to motor from the launch ramp to my slip at Kent Island.

I asked the marina service manager if his workers could replace the cable within a couple of days? He did not laugh outright but it quickly became clear that they were too busy launching boats to take time to help someone who had just cancelled his slip lease and announced intentions of leaving that marina. None of the other marinas in the area were willing/able to do the work, so I decided to start the trip with a jury rig and get the cable replaced somewhere along the way.

I clamped a pair of vise grip pliers to the governor arm, tied a piece of nylon parachute cord to the handle of the pliers and ran the cord under the cover hatch for the engine compartment, which I left unlatched. I threaded a wooden parrel bead onto the cord and tied the end with a figure eight knot. This bead gave me a handle to pull gently on the cord to advance the engine speed. To slow down I pulled back on the engine control lever. It seemed like a reasonable fix at the time.



I left Kent Island at 13:35 hours on May 4, heading toward the C&D canal. I had a favorable tide but very light wind. So I started the Yanmar and settled down to motoring at 4.5 knots. The afternoon was sunny and pleasantly warm. I felt very lucky to be alive and starting off on my adventure.

Unfortunately, the torque from the vice grips attached to the end of the thin metal governor lever quickly caused metal fatigue and the lever broke in half within the first hour of motoring. Some colorful language ensued. I then clamped the pliers to the nut that connects the lever to the engine. It worked better that way. But now I had two broken parts to replace, the throttle cable and the governor lever.

As the afternoon progressed the wind picked up and I raised sail. The forecast was for passing rain. When the rain began I decided to lower sail, anchor and take a nap while it blew through. You can do that kind of thing when you have a shallow draft boat and a flexible schedule. When I awoke from my nap the rain had cleared and I had a favorable wind. So, I raised sail once more and continued to Swan Creek, where I anchored for the night. The entire surface of the creek was covered in yellow/green pollen. I assume that this happens each spring. But I had never seen conditions like that.

Day Two dawned clear and colder than the previous day. I prepared a breakfast of instant oatmeal and coffee and continued onward. The wind was directly from the north, which is where I was heading. Time to start the Yanmar, which I affectionately refer to as the “D-sail.” I did not understand that this headwind would be my nemesis for the entire two week trip. A better planner might have checked the forecast and chosen

a different departure date. Happy in my ignorance, I dialed in the optimal cruising speed of 4.5 knots (using my GPS as a speedometer) and steered north. It was a ten hour run to reach Cabin John Creek.

On the morning of Day Three, still motoring, I reached the Elk River and entrance to the C&D canal. I had arranged to meet Bill at the Summit North Marina near the Delaware end of the canal. As I mentioned previously, the D-sail is a noisy little creature. I had just passed under the bridge at Chesapeake City when I decided to put on a jacket as the wind blowing down the canal (dead against me from the east now) felt cold.

With my attention focused on steering a straight course while removing my PFD and donning a warm jacket, I was not paying attention to traffic behind my boat. A 40' sport fisherman suddenly passed me from behind traveling at about 10 knots, which may have been idle speed for that boat. The canal is narrow, so the boats were near one another. I could easily have veered off course and in front of that powerboat. It scared the heck out of me and I resolved to keep a better watch behind for the rest of the trip.

I reached the marina in the early afternoon without further mishap. Bill arrived by car on schedule and we enjoyed dinner at a nearby restaurant while discussing plans for the trip down the Delaware Bay. We spent the night aboard *Tidings* with plans for an early morning departure the next day.

Friends had warned me not to underestimate the perils of the Delaware Bay. There are significant tidal currents and the bay can get rough quickly. There are not many places for a small boat to shelter if the conditions get bad. Bill and I decided for safety sake to do the trip south in two days instead of one long one. We had sunny skies, light wind and calm water on the first day. The D-sail did its job and got us to the Cohansey River by late afternoon.

We attempted to anchor but the river is deep and narrow with lots of curves. If we let out enough scope to set the anchor, *Tidings* would swing into the channel. So we tied up to a floating dock at a marina where we spotted what looked like a flying saucer in the boat storage yard. We learned later that a company in New Jersey made these fiberglass curiosities in the 1960s. People bought them to use as cottages. See <http://thefuturohouse.com/> for more information on this interesting bit of space age trivia.



The next morning brought wind from the south (against our direction of travel) at about 10 knots gusting to 15. So, before leaving the river, we tied double reefs in the main, furlled the jib to one third of its normal size and fired up the D-sail to help us stem the tide and point higher. I was not worried about

Tidings' capability in rough conditions. People in England sail Cornish Shrimpers in horrible weather. I did have some concerns about Bill and me. We spent the day tacking down the Bay wearing warm clothes and full foul weather suits. As the boat performed well my anxiety dissipated and it started to be fun.

We made poor headway on each tack and would have done better to simply lower sail and motor in a straight line but it was early in the trip and I had spent the winter dreaming of sailing. So, on we went, two gray haired men who were old enough to know better having a fine time getting pounded, cold and wet in a small sailboat. What could be better than that? We reached the Cape May canal in the afternoon and motored into the harbor to spend the night at Utch's Marina on Bill's recommendation. It was wonderful to get a hot shower and then walk across the street to a local seafood restaurant.

The next morning Bill took his first peek at my jury rigged throttle control. His face went a bit pale and he declared that we would need to install a new cable before attempting New York Harbor. In fact, we should do so immediately, before leaving Cape May, maybe before leaving the slip. I was not opposed to stopping for repairs. Bill said that he would install the cable for me. I liked that idea. We called the local marinas but no one in Cape May had a cable. Repairs would have to wait. We left the warm showers and good food behind and began a long day of motoring up the Intracoastal Waterway from Cape May to Somers Point at a cruising speed of 4.5 knots.

I like traveling slowly through marshy areas and I enjoyed listening to the D-sail making its popping sound as we chugged northward. I had not been boating in those waters since leaving my childhood home in Ocean City, New Jersey, in 1976. The marshes were beautiful on the western side of the channel. It was just as I remembered. But the towns and houses on the eastern side were unrecognizable. Most of the small houses have been replaced with much larger buildings and condominiums. I am sure it is still a pleasant place to live and play but nothing like the one I remember.

We reached the southern end of Ocean City late in the afternoon and came upon two rowing shells with girls from the Ocean City High School rowing team out for practice. Their coach was beside them in a small aluminum outboard skiff. I started to slow *Tidings* down as we approached so that our wake would not present a hazard. But as we got near, the coach gave an order and the girls began to row. We resumed our cruising speed of 4.5 knots and they soon pulled out of sight. When we finally caught up they were at a launch ramp loading the boats on a trailer and barely gave us a glance as we passed by.

As we passed through Great Egg Harbor and the town of Ocean City I tried to identify the marinas where I worked as a teenager, but all was changed. I didn't recognize the place. As the saying goes, "You can't go home again." The sun was setting when we reached Bill's slip in Somers Point. It was a short walk to his house where we enjoyed some warm takeout food for dinner and turned in early in the luxury of soft beds.

Another old saying is, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." Bill really came through for me getting *Tidings* repaired so that I could safely motor for the rest of my voyage. He made many calls, drove me to various places,

figured out that a throttle cable for a Yamaha outboard engine was an adequate replacement for a Yanmar cable, contacted a friend and drove me from Somers Point to Vineland to get the broken governor arm welded for me, took me to a local craft brewery at the Millville, New Jersey airport, <http://www.glasstownbrewery.com/> and replaced the parts for me, all in the space of one and a half days. In short, Bill saved the day. Unfortunately for me, Bill also received notice while we were in Somers Point that a client needed his help immediately. He would be unable to continue the trip.

I was disappointed to lose Bill as crew, but I have been a self employed consultant for ten years and I know that sometimes you just have to stop everything and help a client. So I reached out to Mike Wick who had volunteered to be on standby for just such a situation. Mike was in Australia when I sent the email. I resolved to do the rest of the trip solo.

I left Somers Point in the early afternoon on May 11. Bill advised me to go out the Ocean City inlet and sail in the ocean to Atlantic City to save time and make navigation easier. I did that. It was my first time taking *Tidings* on the ocean. We stayed near the coast and came back into the Atlantic City inlet in a couple of hours. The wind was fair for a change and I could have raised sail, I but didn't feel confident to do that while alone on the boat in the ocean. What a hero I am! Once back into the Intracoastal I continued northward until sunset and anchored in a marshy cove called Basses Bay.

We had a thunderstorm the next morning at 0600 and it felt great to snuggle down under my wool blanket safe, dry and warm in the cabin to wait until the rain passed. Although *Tidings'* cabin is very small, it felt luxurious to me because the creature comforts of the Shrimper are quite a bit better than sleeping under a rainfly in an open catboat.

Have you ever noticed that life tends to bite you in the stern when you start feeling self satisfied? There I was feeling smug and competent as I fixed my standard breakfast of instant oatmeal and coffee when I accidentally poured boiling water from the kettle onto the top of my left foot as I was making the coffee. I was wearing a pair of thick wool socks, which kept the hot water against my skin until my mind finally caught up to the situation and I shucked the sock off. Colorful language ensued.

I am a veterinarian. I know how to treat burns and I had a good first aid kit aboard. Being prepared and trained made the injury less severe than it might have otherwise been. I applied ice, then cortisone cream, then antibiotic cream and a non stick bandage. I took some Aleve® for the pain and put a white cotton sock over the bandage. Then I pulled on my foul weather gear and sea boots, raised anchor and kept motoring north in the steady rain until I reached Key Harbor Marina in Waretown, New Jersey.

I'm not sure that Mike flew home just to crew for me, but the timing was very suspicious. He called me the night that I reached Key Harbor Marina and volunteered to come and help me get *Tidings* through New York Harbor. I was grateful for the help and Mike showed up as I was cooking breakfast (being careful not to pour boiling water on my other foot) the next morning.

(To be Continued)

Traveler

A Legendary Yacht on the Chesapeake Bay

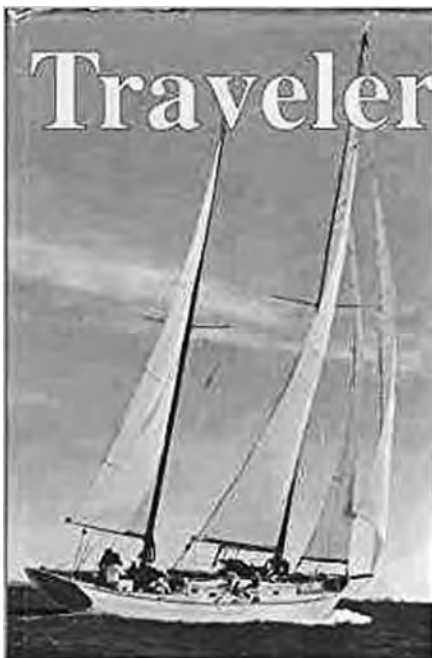
By Ken Spring
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We worked on the 47½' Atkin gaff ketch *Traveler* for a year and a half without knowing anything about its history. It needed extensive repairs as a result of neglect and age. Everyone in Solomons Island recognized the boat as it had been in the harbor for over 30 years when it was owned by Jim and Kathy Hogan. At some point they had fiberglassed the hull, decks and cabin but that was all the information available to us. They could not keep up with the maintenance and sold it in 2011 to John Brown, the owner who hired us to restore it. The full keel hull was sound but the masts, spars, rigging, decks, bulwarks, rub rails and rudder needed to be rebuilt or repaired.

After the work was completed in the spring of 2015, John Brown and his son Dan sailed it on the Chesapeake occasionally, but used it relatively infrequently as they lived a considerable distance away in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Then John developed a fatal tumor and asked me to help sell the boat after his death. I agreed as I liked him very much and wanted to do something to help his family.

I called the Hogans to get the details of the boat so that I could describe it accurately for the advertisement. Jim Hogan had some recollections but was uncertain about the details, then his wife Kathy interrupted and said, "It is all in the book." Well, it turned out that there was a 600 page book entitled *Traveler* written about the boat and her captain, Art Crimmins, by his wife Peg Crimmins, who used the pen name Victoria Royono Lloyd. I found the book online and was quickly immersed in it as the boat and her captain were truly legendary.

Traveler book by Victoria Royono Lloyd.



Traveler on the Sassafrass in 2015.

Art Crimmins had the hull built in 1944 by William Albury in Man-O-War Cay in the Abacos. The Alburys are well known as boat builders, ferry boat captains and marina operators in islands. The keel and frames were constructed from two tropical hardwoods native to the Abacos, horseflesh and maderas, both very dense and rot resistant materials, planking was long leaf yellow pine. When the 40' hull was completed it was ballasted with coral and towed to Art Crimmins' boatyard in Miami to have the keel installed and to be finished to a custom design by naval architect William Atkin. The keel had to be laid in the United States for the boat to be a US documented vessel.

It took Art Crimmins five years to finish the construction of the cabin, interior, masts and spars. He outfitted the boat with a Lathrop gasoline auxiliary engine, later replaced with a Gray Marine engine. *Traveler* was launched in 1949 as a Marconi rigged ketch. Captain Crimmins proposed to charter the boat out of Miami for trips to the islands although few thought that it was a feasible business plan. *Traveler* was the first sailboat in the US to be licensed for this purpose by the Coast Guard and began the world of sailboat charters in the Caribbean.

Capt Art Crimmins at the helm of *Traveler*, 1953.



Captain Crimmins and a crewmember, usually his wife Peg, sailed the boat for ten years as a charter vessel. They were based at Pier 5, the sportfishing charter boat headquarters for Miami. Their first charter party in 1949 was two scantily clad showgirls who wanted to go to Havana. By the time the boat reached Key West, the passengers had had enough sun, vodka and sailing. They decided to stop there and apparently took up residence. *Traveler* was regularly hired to sail to the Bahamas from Miami and ended up crossing the Gulf Stream 187 times in the first three years. Some of these trips were brutal, involving high seas, tropical storms and real danger.

When I worked on the boat restoration, I was impressed by the massive steering gear in the lazarette. Only after I read the book did I appreciate that the original steering gear was destroyed when they were caught in a storm in the Gulf stream with 40'-60' waves that necessitated a Coast Guard rescue. Many of the customers were blue water sailors looking for adventure, sometimes getting more than they expected.

In a 1973 article in *Sports Illustrated*, Crimmins was described as the most successful of the charter boat captains because he paid attention to the interests of the women passengers as well as to those of their avid sailor mates. He noted that if the wives failed to enjoy the Gulf crossing, the husband never returned as a customer. This led him to make a serious effort to relocate his base of operations to the islands.

Facilities in the Bahamas were very limited in those days and there was a government prohibition against the operation of businesses on the islands by non natives. Finally, in 1953 the government allowed *Traveler* to be based in Nassau. Word spread about the joys of sailing tropical waters and the charter business steadily increased. Pictures of the boat adorned travel brochures, magazine covers (*Newsweek* 1954) and billboards (a large one taken at "honeymoon beach" in the Bahamas was in Grand Central Station in New York).

Many celebrities sailed on *Traveler* in the early days including Arthur Godfrey, Burl Ives, Frances Langford and her husband Ralph Evinrude, Father Theodore Hesburgh, President of Notre Dame University, Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury Robert Morgenthau and a host of wealthy businessmen. A 13 part



Cover of *Newsweek*, August 9, 1954. Model Delores Wilsey aboard *Traveler*.

TV series entitled "Tropic Hazard" was made in 1953 about the boat and its mythical adventures in the wilds of the islands.

Once *Traveler* was based in Nassau, access to the tropics was facilitated and the customer base expanded to include passengers interested in shorter excursions. A breakthrough occurred when Jack Paar chartered for a day out of Nassau, filmed his adventures and described them on his TV show. His experience was memorable for two reasons, Captain Crimmins had no idea who he was or what he did for a living and Paar lost his toupee when he dove overboard during the filming. Articles in *Sports Illustrated* and *Time* magazines also helped immensely.

In 1959 the Crimmins bought a 68' Alden ketch with accommodations for nine passengers and three to four crew, which they named *Traveler II*. *Traveler* was quickly sold by Miami yacht broker and power boat designer Dick Bertram to Judge Russel Train of Washington, DC. He brought the ketch to the Chesapeake and sailed her out of the Choptank River until 1973. By then he was the EPA administrator for President Nixon and later moved on to direct the Environmental Defense Fund. He sold *Traveler* to Jim and Kathy Hogan who based her in Solomons, Maryland. They wintered in the islands and Florida and lived for extended periods on the boat for nearly 30 years.

In 1992 the Hogans undertook a major overhaul of *Traveler* with the boat hauled out at Town Center Marina, now Solomons Yachting Center, in Solomons. They stripped the hull, cold molded it with three diagonal layers of spruce strips and then covered it with two layers of fiberglass cloth. Someone gave them a roll of Kevlar cloth and they added that to the bottom to increase the durability in case of accidental grounding, something that we all experience on the Chesapeake even with boats with less than the 5'9" draft of *Traveler*.

They decided to change the rig from Marconi to gaff and searched for a naval architect with the knowledge and experience to do the design. They finally convinced famed naval architect Charles Wittholz of Silver Spring, Maryland, to draw up the rig. He had designed more than 300 boats and was most well known for his catboats. He was

in poor health and stipulated that he would only do the job if the Hogans would take him on the maiden voyage. When they called to invite him in 1993, his wife informed them that he had died on the previous day.

They had new hollow wooden masts and spars constructed by the Skunk Hollow Spar Company in Vermont. Their description of the arrival of the spars was memorable. As they waited anxiously in Town Center Marina on Solomons Island, they saw two huge masts rounding the corner behind the Our Lady Star of the Sea Catholic church but no vehicle. Finally, a small Toyota pickup truck turned the corner with frames attached to it so that the 45' long spars were supported during the 700 mile trip. The state highway authorities must have been on coffee breaks when the contraption went down the road. The Hogans were so impressed they eventually bought the truck.

All new standing and running rigging was installed and the transom covering boards were replaced with book matched mahogany and the old Gray Marine gasoline engine was replaced with a Perkins 4-108 diesel. Despite these upgrades the boat was still "bare bones" by modern standards. There were no staterooms, no generator, no shower nor hot water. Interior lighting was primarily by oil lamps, although both 12vdc and 110vac services were in place. There was a manual windlass and all of the running rigging utilized belaying pins with the sails attached to mast hoops from Pert Lowell's boat shop in Massachusetts. The gaff jaws were leathered and utilized parrel beads for smooth positioning. She did get a gimbaled propane stove and a diesel cabin heater but going onboard now still feels like time travel.

When the boat came to us for restoration in 2013 the rigging was worn out, the masts needed to be stripped, repaired and refinished. There were extensive areas of fiberglass on the decks and bulwarks that were delaminated and had to be restored. The rudder was falling apart, but otherwise the hull was solid and the bilges were dry. The 12vdc wiring was chaotic and the electricals for the engine and instruments were in need of complete reconditioning and replacement.

As it was configured by Wittholz, the ketch had a topmast that lengthened the main mast to 56' off the water and greatly complicated the rig. The masts were pulled at Zahner's Yachting Center and transported to our shop in Port Republic. This was a community effort as we borrowed a long boat trailer from Chris Washburn at Calvert Marina and a large pickup truck from John Little at Flag Harbor Marina. We recruited a crew of ten to help unload and block the masts and spars at our shop. I used my old wooden Mackenzie powerboat to tow *Traveler* to Harbor Island Marina in Solomons, where it was hauled out gingerly as it weighed about 16 tons.

Chris Coster, a painter and fiberglass repairman, and I began the massive project in September 2013 and we did not finish until November 2015. We decided not to install the topmast, so the ketch became "bald headed." This somewhat simplified the rigging and made the boat easier to sail. My shopmate, Rob Dale, had all new standing rigging constructed out of stainless steel and made new running rigging using nylon that looked like the original manila. The blocks were refreshed or replaced with antiques that fit the character of the boat.

Now *Traveler* is docked in Baltimore and waits patiently for a new owner to bask in her old warmth, love her and sail her south to her natal waters to bring joy and nostalgia to all she encounters as she has during her long and legendary life.



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The Coast Guard Cutter *Storis* was the oldest ship in the Coast Guard when she retired. I served a year tour of duty on her in 1959-60. Her homeport at that time was Kodiak, Alaska. The *Storis* was 230' long and shaped just like the 180' buoy tenders that were so common a few years back. She had a working deck forward with a 50 ton boom that could haul some pretty heavy things aboard.



Our working area covered from St Elias to Attu and all of the Bering Sea, an area about 2,000 miles from east to west and 1,000 miles from north to south. One of our many duties was to service lighthouses and non manned lights in that area.

On one occasion our job was to get supplies ashore at Scotch Cap Light. Scotch Cap was a lighthouse that aided ships navigating one of the major passes between the Aleutian Islands separating the Bering Sea from the North Pacific. After steaming all night we dropped anchor about a quarter mile offshore near the light. We then lowered our 26' motor whaleboat and loaded about a ton of supplies over the side into it.



Our 1st Class Bosun was the helmsman and a couple of lower ranking officers went ashore with him. The deck crew on *Storis* headed for the galley for breakfast. By the time we finished breakfast we were called out on deck as the motor whaleboat was returning, pulling a hose out from shore. We pulled the hose up over the port rail and secured it, a good pull as it was a 3" hose. Some of the engineers connected the hose to plumbing that they had rigged overnight. We were setting up to pump fuel oil ashore.

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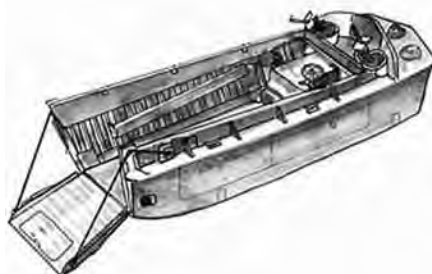
Sea Stories & Tall Tales

By Mississippi Bob

Hypothermia

Shortly after the pumping began anxiety arose on the bridge because the tide was strengthening and the concern was that the rising current could break the hose. The chief bosun said, "Jones, we are going to lower the LCVP, you and Brownie are going to rig a bridle near the middle of the span of hose and hold it up against the tide. The engineering section is sending and engineer for your crew. Dress warm for you will be out there all day."

An LCVP was a WWII landing craft, basically a wooden boat, excepting the boarding ramp, which was 1/2" steel plate. It had a well deck large enough to carry a small truck or jeep and a squad of men. It went over the side and we scrambled down a rope ladder into it and unhooked the slings. Smitty, a 3rd Class Engineer, climbed aboard and one of the cooks showed up with a big box of sandwiches and a large thermos of coffee.



We were now hanging onto the ship with just a sea painter. The current was holding us alongside very nicely. Jones got the Diesel fired up and we swung away from the ship's side. He added a little more power and the painter went slack. I let it go when ordered and off we went. It seemed as if the whole North Pacific was trying to dump into the Bering Sea that morning. We held a pretty fair angle against the tide just to get to our station near the middle of the long span of hose.

Word came from the ship that they liked our position so Jones eased off on the power and let the boat back up to the hose. Smitty and I were lying prone on the afterdeck, he with a bathhook and I with a section of 1" manila line. Smitty managed to get a good hold on the hose and pulled it partway up the transom where I then got a line around it and fastened one end to the port stern cleat. I got a couple of more turns around the hose and then brought the other end of the line up to the same cleat.

While Jones was doing his best to hold the boat steady we got a second line on the starboard side. Then Jones added some power to check out the rig and it seemed to be holding. We adjusted the lines by letting out some until we felt that both lines had equal loads and the boat pulled straight.

With a little more power we pulled the slack in the hose upstream against the tidal current until the bridge was happy that we were back on a line between the ship and the shore. We then settled down to a long slow day of just keeping enough power applied to hold position.

Around midday the tidal current slackened and then stopped. We devoured our sandwiches and coffee during this lull, a good move as the tide was about to change direction and resume flowing.

Then our radio started squawking, the ship was letting us know that they were going to quit pumping while they brought the hose around the stern and reattached it on the starboard side. About 15 minutes later we got word that they were resuming pumping.

They had no more started pumping than it became obvious that we had to get on the other side of the hose and start pulling again against the tidal current, now flowing in the reverse direction. Jones didn't want to chance the hose getting caught in the prop so he suggested that we haul it over the boat and drop it over the bow ramp and then turn the boat around. Sounded OK to me.

Well, the ramp stuck up a couple of feet higher than the rest of the boat and when we tried to lift the hose over it, the hose split a seam and oil began to pour over the three of us and into the boat.

Jones ran to the radio to get the ship to stop pumping. It seemed forever until the flow stopped just before we'd be swimming in oil in the well deck. We had a small bit of deck that we could stand on forward of the oily flood. Smitty had a patch kit along and we made the repairs needed and set up the tow again. The bilge pump took care of the oil (we did things differently in those days).

That morning had been fun, aside for the oil leak. How many folks get paid to sit out in a boat and look at beautiful scenery? The afternoon would change all that. All three of us were soaked to the skin with #2 fuel oil so our warm clothing wasn't doing much good. There was a very light wind that we hadn't noticed earlier facing the other way and with the exhaust pipe blowing bubbles on every dip of the stern, we would get sprayed. The fun was over.

We pumped for about another hour until the lighthouse had a two year supply of fuel. After the ship shut down pumping and disconnected the hose at their end, we hauled it to the beach where the lighthouse crew hauled it up onto the beach. As we headed back to the comfort of our ship, we waved goodbye to them, about to endure another long, lonely winter.

When we reached the ship someone threw a painter over and I caught it. I dropped it over the cleat on the starboard rail and Jones throttled back and let the painter do its thing. We really looked as if we knew what we were doing. The ladder dropped over the side to us and I started to climb it. For some reason I couldn't make my body work. I stood there feeling stupid. The chief bosun wasn't feeling stupid, he sent a couple of his biggest deck hands down to help me climb aboard. Those guys picked me up and pushed me over the rail. Jones and Smitty also needed help, so I didn't feel quite so bad.

"Hypothermia," said the chief, "you guys head back to sick bay." In the sick bay the corpsman had us strip off our oil soaked clothing and gave us sick bay gowns to wear. He then unlocked a cabinet and brought out a fifth of rum, poured a double joker for each of us and, I think, one for himself. The ship's laundry was next to the sick bay and our clothes went into the next load. I took a sea shower and then a second one and began to feel human again. Two hours later I was back on the bridge standing a wheel watch on our way to our next job.

America's Queen: Coast Guard Cutter *Storis*

By Lt Galen Varon.

Reprinted from the *Coast Guard Compass*

Official Blog of the US Coast Guard

Posted by LT Stephanie Young

February 7, 2013

Coast Guard Cutter *Storis* is truly a magnificent ship. The accomplishments in her service record have secured her a permanent place in Coast Guard, American and maritime history. This fact was evidenced in December, 2012 when the National Park Service officially listed her in the National Register of Historic Places.

To put this listing into perspective, there have been more than 1,567 commissioned cutters to serve in the Revenue Marine, Revenue Cutter Service and US Coast Guard. Out of all of these cutters, *Storis* now joins *Eagle*, *Ingham*, *McLane* and *Taney* as the only five non tenders to be listed as National Historic Places.

The period of significance for the *Storis*' listing was from 1942 to 1967. The most significant achievement during this time came in 1957 when the cutter successfully led Task Force 5.1.5 on a transit through the Northwest Passage. Not only was this expedition made in record time, which included documenting and erecting navigational aids for deep draft vessels, but it was also the first voyage over the top of Canada by any US flagged vessel. Recognizing the significance of this event, the government of Canada named a channel in the Nunavut Territory after the *Storis*. This channel, located at 68°34' N 99°30' W, remains "Storis Passage" to this day.

The *Storis* was specifically constructed with icebreaking capabilities in mind in support of the US Danish Agreement of 1941. Commissioned on September 30, 1942, *Storis* was assigned to serve off the coast of Greenland during WWII. The significance of her duties in WWII cannot be understated. In addition to responding to the *Escanaba* sinking, the largest loss of Coast Guard personnel in a single event, and diligently standing watch offshore over the town of Ivittuut, which produced a rare ore to make aluminum, a precious war commodity, *Storis* protected Greenland against Nazi weather station construction. Based on the accuracy of weather data from Greenland, Gen Dwight Eisenhower planned the invasion of Normandy knowing how the weather would be on D-Day.

After the de escalation of US military forces from WWII, *Storis* was assigned to Alaska to patrol the most grueling waters on earth, the Bering Sea. While *Storis* was conducting a routine patrol on March 27, 1964, the Great Alaskan Earthquake caused widespread damage throughout Alaska. Registering 9.2 on the Richter scale, this earthquake was the second largest earthquake ever recorded. *Storis* was rerouted to break ice in Cook Inlet and to provide immediate assistance to victims of the devastation. During the remainder of the 1960s, *Storis* conducted the traditional Bering Sea patrols from the late 1800s and provided assistance to more than 100,000 Alaskans located in the most remote areas of the state.

In 1975, *Storis* participated in an icebreaking patrol in Prudhoe Bay in Alaska's North Slope in order to clear the way for tugs and barges to deliver construction material for the starting point of the Trans Alaskan Pipeline. Purposed by President Richard Nixon, the pipeline was "the single largest endeavor ever undertaken by private enterprise."

Fourteen years later, on the night of March 24, 1989, the tanker *Exxon Valdez* ran aground in Prince William Sound and spilled nearly 11 million gallons into the pristine Alaskan waters. Up to that point, it would be recorded as the worst ecological disaster in the nation's history. *Storis* was the command and control vessel of the cleanup operation, working tirelessly to protect the pristine Alaskan wilderness from further devastation.

On October 1, 1991, at the age of 49 years and 1 day, *Storis* received her coronation. She officially became the oldest commissioned cutter in the Coast Guard and earned the title "Queen of the Fleet." Wearing her hull numbers in gold, on November 16, 1992, she eclipsed Revenue Cutter *Bear* with the longest service in the Bering Sea. She eventually accumulated 58 years and four months of service in the Bering Sea, the current US Coast Guard record.

(About the author: Lt Galen Varon is a former *Storis* sailor and Coast Guard history enthusiast. He recently published a full length book entitled, *A Journey With America's Queen* which provides vivid details about his tour aboard *Storis*. In 2012, his blog about the *Storis*, "The American Queen," was a finalist in Military.com's Military Blog of the Year in the US Coast Guard category.



Name:	USCGC <i>Storis</i>
Ordered:	26 January 1941
Builder:	Toledo Shipbuilding Company, Toledo, Ohio
Cost:	\$2,072,889 USD (hull and machinery)
Laid down:	14 July 1941
Launched:	4 April 1942
Commissioned:	30 September 1942
Decommissioned:	12 February 2007
Motto:	ALASXAM ILAQAAAN MAYAAQISNIIKACHXIIZAX (Great Hunter of Alaskan Waters) "The Galloping Ghost of the Alaskan Coast" "Queen of the Fleet" (before decommissioning)
Nickname(s):	
Status:	Scrapped
Displacement:	2,030 long tons (2,060 t)
Length:	230 ft (70 m)
Beam:	43 ft 2 in (13.16 m)
Draft:	15 ft (4.6 m)
Propulsion:	Diesel electric
Speed:	14 kn (26 km/h, 16 mph)
Range:	22,000 mi (35,000 km)
Complement:	12 officers; 72 enlisted (2006)
Sensors and processing systems:	SPS-64 I-band navigation search radar
Armament:	1 × 25mm Mk 38 MOD 0 gun 2 × .50 cal M2 Browning machine guns



White Fleet

Royal Caribbean celebrated its 50th Anniversary with a less than modest party on board the *Symphony Of The Seas*, their largest cruise ship. The cruise company boasts its own private island, sanitized from the riff raff, for a plethora of activities. The big liner itself has two story family suites, game rooms galore, a host of restaurants and a multi story water slide for the kiddies. (Move the landing spot overboard and get rid of a lot of urchins.)

The Ritz-Carlton hotel company is getting into the cruise business in 2019. They will have three ships by 2020 (isn't that a TV show?).

The newest trend in vacation cruises is going solo. Evidently, the concept of the *Love Boat* actually works. You can pretty much do what you want to do, when you want to do it. And what happens aboard stays aboard.

Passengers are not the only people to fall overboard. Alex Heleta, a Ukrainian crewman, fell overboard from the *Celebrity Reflection* sailing in the Mediterranean Sea.

A crew member of the *Anthem Of The Seas* experienced severe leg pain and was evacuated by the US Coast Guard about two hours off the New Jersey coast.

MS Nautica broke her moorings while tied up at Greenock, Scotland. The Oceanic Cruises ship was hammered with 90mph winds from Storm Ali that parted her mooring lines.

Gray Fleet

This aged sailor had the great honor of being invited to the Christening of the *USS Vermont* (SSN-792) at General Dynamics' Electric Boat. The day prior to the ceremony my friend, a retired Navy Captain who is a former submariner, and I were given the grand tour of EB. Many things struck me but the most significantly poignant and positive aspect of the tour was the pride EB workers exhibited. People would literally grab us to show off what they were working on whether it was polishing a piece of bright work or grinding something metallic. Each person reminded us that submarines are very unforgiving. A broken dime costing part might mean failure of a mission or, worse, sinking the sub and killing the crew. Truly, I have never seen such pride in their work as I saw among the people of Electric Boat.

That evening we were sipping adult beverages at the Dive (Officers Club at New London) with lots of men and women with large gold bands and stars on their collars. My friend mentioned he would like to drive by the pier to see what boats were in port. A Lieutenant Commander overheard our conversation, immediately introduced himself as the XO of the *USS Hartford* (SSN-768), and stated that we WILL tour his boat immediately. He called the gate guards, the guards of the boats and his ranking officer aboard, that important (?) people would be coming aboard.

A Petty Officer 3rd Class gave us the grand tour from the bow to the stern (not the reactor area) including the command module, the head, the radio shack, torpedo room and berthing spaces. How the crew can sleep 16 to a broom closet remains unknown to me. Again, I was surprised and heartened by the intense pride these men (yup, no women aboard her yet) took in their boat. I was deeply stirred and very proud of them and equally proud that I was Navy.

During the EB tour we were impressed by the modern technology used in building a submarine. Without getting into details, EB



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

has computerized machines beyond this guy's imagination. Submarines are built in modules that are ultimately duck taped and gorilla glued into a sub that is then forced into a pressure hull. We clambered aboard the command module being built for the *New Jersey* (SSN-796) and we were wowed by the technology. Gone are the through hull periscopes, gone are all the gauges, gone are the wheels. Everything is on touch screens or joysticks. Certainly, my pea brain would not allow me to serve aboard a modern fast attack sub.

Thanks to my friendship with Captain Peter Welch, (USNR-Ret), I have been appointed to the Christening Committee for the *USS Iowa* (SSN-797) that Mrs Christie Vilsack, Iowa's former First Lady and wife of the former Secretary of Agriculture, Tom Vilsack, will hit with a champagne bottle in about a year. I am so deeply honored to be an element of the *Iowa*, Electric Boat and the Navy. Heck, I would reenlist tomorrow aboard any sub built by EB and crewed by American sailors.

The *Iowa* is a *Virginia* Class fast attack submarine with a non hull penetrating photonic periscope and stealth clad pressure hull. This class has a forward sail for additional speed and maneuverability, plus the command center has been moved further aft and down a deck. *Iowa* is a Block IV submarine designed for reduced maintenance. It will be approximately 7,800 tons at 377' in length and capable of plus 25 knots underwater. It is powered by a nuclear reactor and two geared turbines with one shaft. It will carry a crew of about 115 with 15 officers.

Opposite the main gate of Electric Boat is a building recently purchased by a company that is owned by a company that is an element of a company that is owned by the Russians. Surprise.

The *USS Sioux City* (LCS-11) will soon be commissioned at Annapolis, Maryland. Her keel was laid at Fincantieri Marinette Marine in Marinette, Wisconsin, in 2014 and sponsor Mary Winnefield christened her in 2016. The Freedom-class ship is heading to the Fifth Fleet in the Persian Gulf and assigned to LCS Squadron 2. May she sail without issue.

Sea History

The Coast Guard as always had a cutter named *Harriet Lane*, but who is she? She is the niece of President James Buchanan who was an old bachelor. Harriet's parents died and Buchanan became her guardian. After years in Visitation Convent School (ironically, since anti Catholicism was rampant but their schools were considered excellent), she went to London with her uncle when he was ambassador. She took Great Britain by storm with her style and warmth to the level of being named "Ambassador's Wife by the Queen. Noted for her tact, political instinct, poise and discretion, Harriet acted as First Lady during the Buchanan administration.

Treasury Secretary Howell Cobb insisted on naming a cutter after her in 1858 and there has been a *Harriet Lane* in the Coast Guard ever since. Today's version is a 270' medium-endurance cutter (WMEC-903).

As we all know, British Admiral Horatio Nelson's greatest victory over the combined fleet of French and Spanish ships was at Trafalgar. Unfortunately it was also the battle that killed him. The *HMS Pickle* was a 73' mini warship handling about eight 12 pound carronades and crewed by 40 men. With a new copper bottom, *Pickle* was a fast little vessel and she was thus selected to carry the victory message back to England. She arrived on November 4, 1805, and the message was hurriedly taken to London where the House of Commons celebrated joyously. Every year after that, British officers held a dinner and fête in early November. Seamen soon decided that merriment was a good idea and commenced their own version of a holiday and named it Pickle Day. I, too, will raise a glass of brandy to the memory of Lord Nelson and Trafalgar on Pickle Day.

Maritime Environment

Scientists are studying the negative impact of noise in the Arctic. The loss of sea ice due to global climate change and the large increase of shipping through previously impassable waters have harmed communication among certain animals. Two species of whales, two types of seals and certain fish, especially cod, have been greatly discombobulated by noise. These creatures use sound as a means of grouping, attracting the opposite sex, finding food, and communicating threats.

Orsted bought Deepwater Wind for \$510 million making it one of the world's largest generators of offshore wind power. Capable of 3.3gw of power, these windmills provide electricity for much of the US East Coast. Orsted now possesses the world's longest pipelines.

On the average, 10,000 shipping containers are lost at sea every year. They are simply floating around collecting barnacles.

A recent report on soybean commerce noted that the Inland Waterways provide different wonderful opportunities for transport. The current method consists of trucks hauling beans from the farm to a local elevator storage facility, trucks then haul the beans to elevators that spew the grain into large barges that float down river to a major port where the beans are then unloaded into huge storage silos awaiting a ship. The cargo ship holds are filled with beans and then sail around the world where the beans are unloaded and stored in "Wherever." The downside is that each time the soybean is moved costs rise and beans get spoiled.

The suggested thought is to use regular shipping containers. They can be filled at the local site, transported viva truck or rail to container barges, floated down the river and loaded onto container ships. No multi transfer of the grain, significantly less cost and the product can be sold in smaller quantities internationally.

A typical container ship carries about 18,000 containers, each container can hold about 800-1,000 bushels of soybean. When in storage, the port merely stacks the containers until they are lifted onto a sea going vessel. Smaller nations do not need to purchase an entire shipload of product, they can buy a meager few containers or a whole bunch of them.

The downside is that the US Inland Waterways have long, long been ignored.

Our locks and dams are antiquated, too small and in horrible condition. We do not have barges built for holding grain or being able to be loaded from the top. We sure don't want to spend a little money to save a great deal of money, do we! It is un American.

Merchant Fleet

Matson, owner of China-Long Beach Service (CLX) recently built five new sub-Panax ships. Trying to clean up the environment, they are installing one with scrubbers at a cost of \$9 million.

C&C Marine and Repair, Belle Chase, Louisiana, opened an indoor temperature and climate controlled paint facility running at 80,000 square feet. This building rolls in barges and can paint them in a matter of days. The operational shop can handle ships and barges of 320'x75'x20'. They blast off old paint and then spray on the new stuff. I wonder if they paint West Wight Pottery?

An impressive and lengthy article in *Maritime Executive* promotes the use of ammonia as fuel for cargo ships. Naval architects are working on a means of using ammonia that is being carried as cargo as part of the ships' power plant. Even better is the Haber-Bosch method of electrolysis to create ammonia from, get this, air and water. The process takes air (made up of oxygen and nitrogen) and water (duh, ships are near water) and mixes them in a cracker that creates energy and exhausts water, oxygen and

nitrous oxide. The energy powers the ship. The exhaust is good for the environment, water, air and giddy sailors.

The downside is that the ability to collect air and water is very expensive. Added problems include size, weight and price of machinery. But the promise for the future seems wonderful. Scientists from the Netherlands are the prime explorers in this experiment.

Lange Towing, a small owner operator of towboats, was the first of its size to gain the newly mandated Certificate of Inspection by the Coast Guard. This small company in Louisiana runs three tows on the Mississippi. The COI is a great accomplishment for such an undersized operation.

The Malta flagged oiler *Sola TS* was run into by the Royal Norwegian Navy frigate *Hnoms Helge Ingstad* 9F-313 in a fjord off southwest Norway near Equinor's Sture oil terminal. Eight sailors were injured as the warship started sinking. The ship was grounded intentionally as it commenced to partially capsize. The crew of 137 was rescued. The skipper's career probably was not.

Small Boats

Hugh Blankenship, a lifelong sailor, attempted to sail his 29' craft, *Marta*, from Maryland to Florida. He was last seen when he stopped at Virginia Beach. After much searching the Coast Guard gave up. They commented that Blankenship failed to leave a sail plan, did not have an EPIRB device

and had limited communications equipment. Blankenship was 82 years old. I am 71 and wouldn't sail out of sight of land (or a bar, for that matter).

One of those slick sailing magazines touted an article about the best small boats to circumnavigate the globe, a concept for only crazy people. Their top pick was an Albin VEGA 27. My first real sail was on a VEGA 30 and I found it wonderful but cramped for three people and hated the lack of a head. The next on the list was the ubiquitous Cape Dory 28. Dalfour 29 looks interesting, Vancouver 28 is not common around Iowa so I can't say too much about it. The Westsail 28, another unknown boat, was next on the list. Good boats all but I don't think I will be looking for a circumnavigation boat soon.

Same slick rag mentioned the ten best buys. The RS Aero dinghy is for the racing set, the Hunter 15 looks nice but I have an irrational bias against Hunters, the Catalina 22 is very nice, the Beneteau 22 is pricey and finally the Dragonfly 25 won't be found in hog lot run offs in the Middle of America.

Dear Faithful Readers

I am reaching the age and stage of laziness that this monthly attempt at erudition is becoming "work," a thing I have avoided for many years. I am cutting this down to one page starting next month. If you are unhappy, call my mother (age 92) she enjoys the talk. Or, you can do as I do, simply blame the nuns.



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The 26th Annual Cat Gathering

The Annual Cat Gathering took place on August 10 and 11. This year's celebration of sailing on Pleasant Bay kicked off with a warm up race on Friday. About 30 participants sailed the course, propelled by a perfect breeze under sunny skies.

Unfortunately Friday's weather was not predictive of Saturday's! The day was overcast and the wind was light for the most part. Overall, six participating boats of 80 registrants made it back to the finish line. By the time the majority of the fleet reached the narrows, the wind had dropped to 0-3 knots, testing the patience of the sailors. Most persisted slowly, but when the tide turned and the current pushed the boats back, the race was called at the narrows.

Following the race, participants and their families were invited back to the boatyard for an awards ceremony, music and refreshments. Awards featured prints of an oil painting by renowned artist Elli Crocker, depicting a custom Arey's Pond catboat under sail.

This year's race was recognized as an official Town of Orleans event and sailed with the support of the Harbor Master, which was crucial when boats stalled in the narrows.



Arey's Pond Boatyard News

There have been changes at the yard this year. Tony has been spending more time designing, building and selling boats and less time on the day to day launching, hauling, rigging and other service aspects of the business. He is very happy in his new role as he looks forward to spending more time out on the water and with family.



Cats gathering at the narrows.

News from the Pond

It was a great summer on Pleasant Bay. The season started off with a nice June and July so we were able to get many sails on the bay early. As the season rolled into August, the wind started to lighten up.

September was a busy mix of hauling boats and preparing for the Davis family wedding. Brooke (older daughter of APBY owners Tony and Robin Davis) and Joe Capuano were married on September 29. The wedding took place at the boatyard. The weather was perfect and everyone had a great time. The Davis family thanks all of the customers who were flexible when the pond was closed, as well as the employees who helped make the event a success!



Brooke and Joe's Wedding at Arey's Pond



From The Boat Building Shop

The 2018 season started very early in March with a trip to Lake Erie where we picked up a 14' catboat and brought her to the pond to be restored. She then was shipped to Europe to be a tender on a yacht destined for a summer cruise to the North Pole!

The 2019 building season brings some exciting projects, including the delivery of our newest design, a custom fiberglass 17' sloop rigged catboat. This boat began as a 16' fiberglass hull, which was cut in half so that it could be lengthened a foot. We're continuing work on our most ambitious project, a custom, cold molded 24' catboat.



17' sloop rigged cat.

Please feel free to stop by our boat building shop to see our highly skilled boat builders in action. It's open weekdays 8am-4pm, located at 80 Rayber Rd, Orleans, Massachusetts.

From The Canvas Shop

This year has been a busy one for head canvasser Geoff Cabral. He has been working on everything from covers for new builds to replicas of historic sails to sewing AP Sail Cloth belts which are for sale in our shop. We thank all of our customers who have supported our new sail loft and canvas shop.



AP sail belt made in the canvas shop.

From The Sailing School

As our 54th year of teaching sailing on Pleasant Bay comes to a close, we are excited to announce some big changes coming to the sailing school in 2019. Over the winter months our entire fleet will be receiving some needed attention to make sure that they look beautiful and they showcase the high-end craftsmanship for which Arey's Pond is known.

We look forward to expanding our private lesson program and adding a series of private day charters on Pleasant Bay. Charters will explore Pleasant Bay and can include island stops, a packed lunch or a sunset tour. We will also be introducing our newly restored river launch that will provide a comfortable ride from the pond to the sailing school fleet. We will continue to offer catboat rentals as well as kayak and stand up paddle board rentals. enthusiasm and determination to helping to bring Arey's Pond Boat Yard into the future. All of us at Arey's Pond look forward to continuing our tradition of fine craftsmanship and service.



Two new Beetle Cats in the showroom.



Fall 2018 new Beetle Cats in process.

New Onset Island skiff, *Scup*.



News from the Beetle Shop

By Michelle Buoniconto

The Beetle Shop wrapped up one of its busiest years on record in 2018. People frequently ask us what “big projects” we have going on. I like to say that we have one “big project” and that is to keep building and maintaining the 200+ fleet of Beetle Cat sailboats and other classic wood boats that our customers entrust to us each season.

This season we saw exceptionally high demand throughout the spring and summer for new and used Beetle Cats with many being new to Beetle Cat sailing. We saw more of the boats here in storage hit the water than in past seasons. In addition to the new Beetle Cats we built, the crew worked hard through the spring and in summer’s sweltering temperatures to complete two custom rowing skiffs, a custom 14’ working skiff, two Onset Island skiffs and four wooden flagpoles. All encouraging signs as we head into our 100th year.

Bill Womack once again attended the WoodenBoat Show at Mystic Seaport with a new Beetle Cat in tow that was delivered to its new local owner.

From there we geared up for the Beetle Cat Championships at Bass River Yacht Club. Bill assisted in rigging and launching boats on Friday and Saturday morning. We were warmly welcomed by everyone at Bass River and enjoyed watching the two days of Beetle Cat racing, along with Saturday’s dinner and social gathering. Another well planned and executed championships by the gracious people at Bass River Yacht Club.

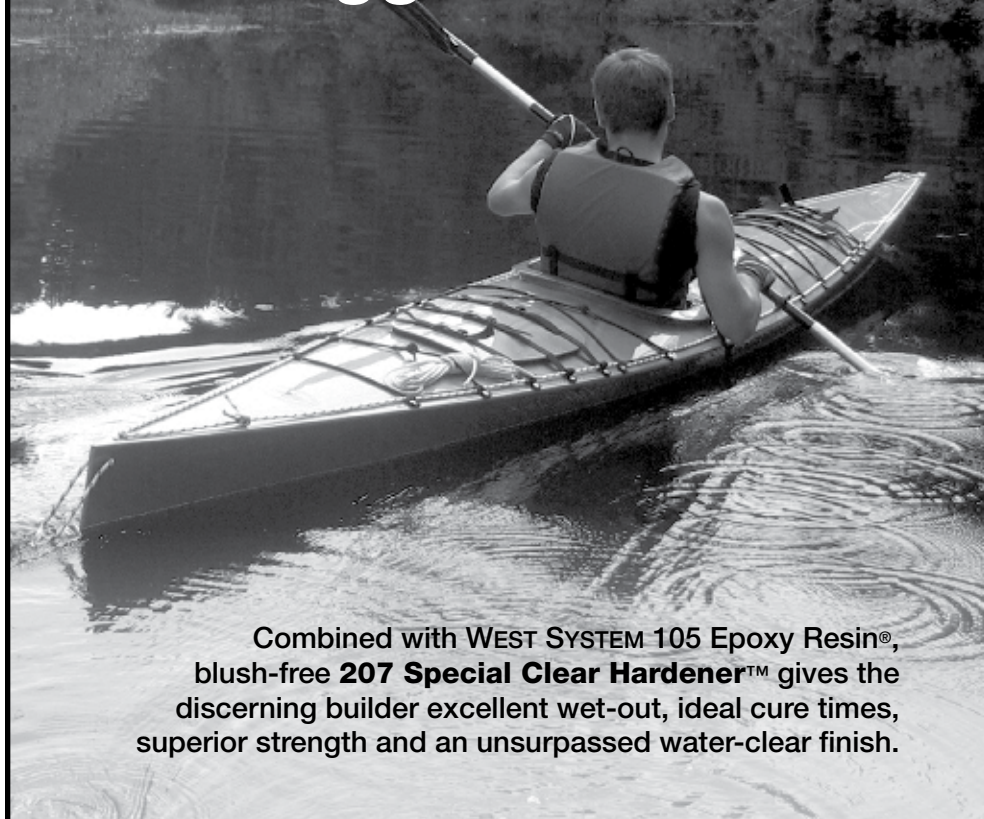


Beetle flagpoles in process.

Beetle flagpole with tabernacle.



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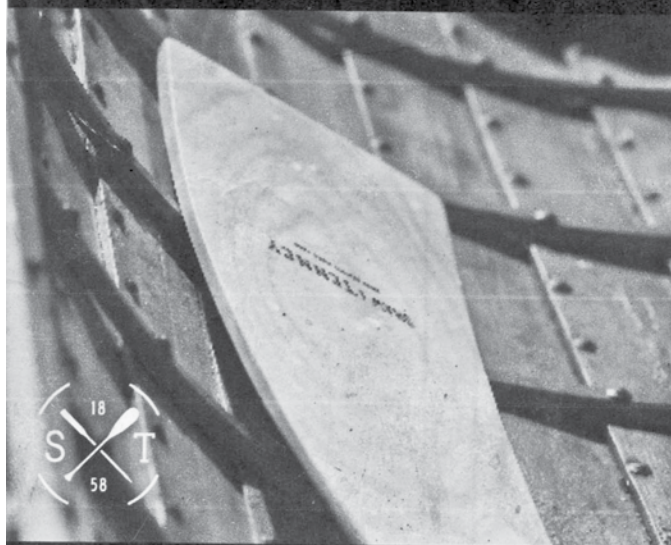
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More Apprentices

The number of apprentices at the Shop continues to grow as we head into autumn. We're happy to welcome three new two year apprentices to our ranks, Andy Nadolny, Rick Kraft and Joshua Wiles. They are elbow deep in Susan Skiff construction at the moment, we have six (!) Susans in progress now on the second floor. We look forward to seeing what these three men accomplish during their time here!



Kickoff of the Maritime Skills Program

The Maritime Skills Program is the next iteration of what was the Fisherman's Academy Program last year. It's comprised of 11 students ranging from ninth to twelfth grade from Oceanside East. The change in name reflects the different composition of participating students, students in the current cohort did not necessarily grow up working on the water or going out in boats. For some, their time at the Shop is their first exposure to being out in the harbor.

During the first class, students explored the relationship between oars and levers. By the end of the class period every student was in a boat and rowing, even though most were hesitant to try at first. In the most recent class, students made buoy boats to explore the mechanics of sailing and the balance between the center of effort and the center of lateral resistance. They will then test them out on the water and see how they sail. (Photo credit: Terry Moore)



Progress on the Dublin Bay

Lofting of the *Dublin Bay* is almost complete. In the photo project consultant John England is explaining the week's progress during Friday morning walk around. The *Dublin Bay* crew is now in the midst of building jigs to laminate the frames for the boat. Soon they will start work on pieces of the backbone. (Photo Credit: Erin Tokarz)



The Whitehall

Here, Owen and Maria are in the process of fastening in the margin boards. They've made a lot of progress in the last month, the Whitehall now has quarter knees, a breast-hook, inwales and thwart risers. The interior is looking extra spiffy with its multiple coats of varnish.



The Water Wag

Thomas has graduated from the lofting table to the strongback. The *Wag* has quite a bit of rocker, so some steaming was required to get the keel and keelson bent into shape. He's drawn out the centerboard on the lofting and is preparing to cut the slot into the keel. He has also begun work on the sternpost.



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It has been said that the volume of similar boats increases roughly as the cube of their lengths. That is probably true of the manhours required to produce the boat and the cost of the materials as well. So I would expect that the effort needed to produce a 16' boat is roughly 2.4 times that of making a 12' boat. When we throw in the effort needed to make three hulls vs one hull, plus a sailing rig and the structure to support it and the amas, maybe the real figure is about four times or more. At least that is about what it feels like for the Trifoam 16 compared to my Sawfish 12! That's not a complaint, just a statement that this is a much bigger job.

However, looking at the mostly completed main hull, I am also feeling like it is worth every bit of the effort. The proof of the pudding will be in its sailing. What remains now is to build the akas and amas and to get all the rigging to work properly. Should be a piece of cake, right? We shall see what challenges lay ahead.



Some design changes have been made. The four sliding akas have been extended by about a foot each to 75" and the sliding range increased from 18" to 30". This gives a wider extended beam of 10' while keeping a closed beam of about 5'.



The amas will be made of solid XPS foam, 12' long with 8" beam and 12" depth. Using a form factor of 0.8, each ama should weigh about 15lbs finished and should support about 400lbs fully immersed.

Back to building! The akas are simple 2"x4" pine studs as straight and knot free as I could find. Each of the four akas was cut to 75" length, then a $\frac{3}{8}$ " slot was routed down the center of each, starting 3" from one end, and 47" long in the two forward akas and 51" in the after two akas to account for the differences in hull width.

Since my $\frac{3}{8}$ " straight router bit is only 1" long, two passes on the router table were

Trifoam 16 Build

Part Three

By Jim Brown

required, one from each side of the 2"x4". The secret to getting the two sides of the slot to match up (since the chances of me getting the slot in the dead center of the 2"x4"s $\frac{3}{16}$ " width were slim to none), it is important to mark which side of the 2"x4" will always be against the fence of the table router, then the slot cuts from each side of the stud will line up. The edges were routed off with a $\frac{1}{2}$ " rounding bit.

There was a remarkable difference in the weight and hardness of these four studs. Two were very light and fast to rout and the other two very heavy and slow to rout. I must say that, while I preferred routing the lighter wood to reduce weight, the harder/heavier wood produced cleaner cuts and required less sanding.



We got some light rain courtesy of Hurricane Florence. It's surprising that any of that rain made it over the mountains. We are very familiar with the hardest hit areas, having lived in New Bern, North Carolina, for six years and experienced several bad hurricanes, including Floyd which produced similar flooding in town. I remember after the storm seeing a large (30'-35') keel sailboat resting against a telephone pole about a block from the river! We also lived about ten years on the ICW below Morehead City with several more hurricanes. We miss the area but not the storms.

Of course, when we lived in Marco Island Florida, just below Naples, we also had several large hurricanes including Andrew. Our little development here in Sweetwater, Tennessee, has a large percentage of "half-backs," who are northerners who retired to Florida but then decided, for weather and/or family reasons, to move halfway back to where the weather is still pleasant and the taxes are low. I guess that includes us as well, although we took a 15 year detour to coastal North Carolina!

Back to the building again! I found that the $\frac{3}{8}$ " galvanized bolts were too snug a fit for the akas to slide freely in the $\frac{3}{8}$ " slots, but the $\frac{1}{2}$ " straight router bit produced what

I thought at the time to be too sloppy a fit, so I moved the router table fence just slightly to make the slots about $\frac{7}{16}$ " wide. Later I realized that the slots in the akas were too narrow to allow any painting so I went back to the $\frac{1}{2}$ " straight router bit I already had on hand before doing all the above stuff and widened the slots. The akas will be painted white with the same latex paint/primer used on the hull.

I was concerned about two painted wood surfaces, the akas and their supports, being too sticky to slide over each other easily. Some time back, I had bought a 30"x36" sheet of Plaskolite at Lowes for about \$10. It's the same stuff that real estate and political signs are made of, sort of a corrugated plastic sheet. The idea was to use it as a slippery surface to help the sliding akas move easier. The Plaskolite slides were cut out and installed in the aka supports with stainless staples. White duct tape finished off the gaps between the aka supports and the decks.



The orange 5gal plastic bucket was installed in the front deck, along with the Gamma2 plastic cover. Usually the Gamma2 lids just snap on to the bucket but, for whatever reason (perhaps because the Gamma2 lids are only found at the Blue Store, but I wanted an orange bucket from the Orange Store), this one required gentle application of a heat gun around the rim of the lid and tapping into place with a hammer. The entire bucket and lid is waterproof and removeable for picnic supplies or whatever. There is a lot of storage and flotation in this boat. In fact, the entire boat is flotation!



There are a few more minor details to complete on the main hull. The next major step is to get three sheets of the same Foamular 250 2" thick foam that the hull was made from and transform them into two 12'x12'x8" blanks for the amas.

That had to wait as my helpmate left for a week in Israel (her seventh trip there over the past 35 years). Her group of 200 people is going with Paul Wilbur, a well known Praise & Worship leader, for Sukkot (the Feast of Tabernacles). That's a big deal on this 70th anniversary of the Nation of Israel, a time of great celebration. Sukkot is thought by many to be the season when the Messiah will return (or come for the first time for those who are Jewish).

With Carole safely in Israel, the three foam sheets are now on hand. All it took was my quick trip to Home Depot, the only place in the area which carries the 2" thick, 4'x8' Foamular pink foam and \$81.08, including sales tax and my 10% veteran's discount. I keep mentioning these various veteran's discounts (Lowes, Home Depot and Joann Fabrics) because you may not get them if you don't ask. They probably saved nearly \$100 on this build alone!

May I digress for a brief testimonial? This little Crosstrek is my third Subaru. All three of these Subies (Impreza WRX, Forester, Crosstrek) have done extra duty as small trucks suitable for the sort of projects I do and the kind of boats I build and cartop or tow. 8' lumber (maybe six 2"x4"s) can easily be carried inside the car because of the folding rear seat and I have carried many sheets of plywood, foam and longer lumber on the roof. I had no problem loading and transporting these three sheets on the roof rack myself. As you can see, the load did shift to the rear somewhat during the 25 mile trip home, but that was restrained by a Thule adjustable line to the front of the hood which I should have stopped and readjusted after a few miles.



Here are a couple of simple ideas which prevented some transporting problems I had experienced previously. The forward restraining line is attached by straps held by existing screws under the hood. These are available commercially or can easily be made from a loop of old nylon strapping pierced with a hot soldering iron for the screw holes. They also make great kayak bow tie downs. When not needed, they are folded out of sight under the hood. At the rear, a similar adjustable Thule line was run down to the trailer hitch with just enough tension to keep the whole load down tight.



The other trick, twisting the roof tie-down straps, both above and below the sheets, keeps them from vibrating and making an incredibly loud noise in the car at anything over about 25-30mph. I tested that up to 55mph but didn't push my luck beyond that speed. I took the older roads rather than Interstate I-75.



Once again, back to the build! These 4'x8' foam sheets come pre scored so they can be "snapped" into either three 16" widths or two 24" widths. My plan was to "snap" two of the sheets into four 8'x24" sections first to make the pieces easier to handle. The third foam sheet was cut in half crosswise to yield two 4'x4' pieces which were snapped into four 4'x24" pieces and glued to the ends of the four 8'x24" sheets using the famous Rowerwet butterfly scarph. This entails using 2" packing tape to hinge the joints, rolling the spiked wallpaper removal tool over the ends to be joined, applying a thin coat of Gorilla Glue, folding the sheets flat, applying some weights to keep the joints flat and letting them sit overnight. Voila! Four 12'x24" sheets greeted me the next morning. I used vinyl sheet under the joints so as not to glue the sheets to the deck and make a terrible mess.



Each 12'x24" sheet was then sliced lengthwise into 12" strips on the table saw. The flat sides were glued together with more GG, pierced with bamboo skewers to hold everything in place and had weights placed on top to ensure a good bond. The next morning we had the two 12'x8"x12" blanks for the amas. Actually, it was two mornings because there was room for only one ama at a time on my building table.

The ama blanks were shaped appropriately with a handsaw and #60 grit on the Dewalt orbital sander. I chose not to introduce any rocker on the amas for simplicity, and just faired the bows to blunt points in the plan view (foam does not like sharp points) and to 4" wide transoms aft. I found that coating the handsaw with Teflon Dry-Lube greatly aided the rough shaping of the foam. It was a full day's work (at least in my 84-year-old days, which may actually average about four to five hours on the job) to shape each of the ama blanks. The amas required a little supplemental work before covering. Various imperfections were filled in with DAP Lightweight Spackle or otherwise corrected before covering with fabric. Also, I decided to make the amas 2" lower to the water so added blocks of foam where each of the akas attach.



The inboard ends of the akas will be connected to the boat with the sliding joints previously described. The outboard ends will be connected to the amas with lashings of 5/16" polypropylene double braid obtained at the Rural King Farm Store. Oak dowels

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1/2" diameter were used to restrain the floats horizontally, and vertically. Holes were drilled at the outboard ends of the akas and relieved to avoid chafing the lashings. Pictures show it better.



Carole had a wonderful time during the Festival of Sukkot. Son Tom (51) flew down from York, Pennsylvania, for a few days while she was gone and we spent some time visiting his sister Julie and family in nearby Farragut. You know you are getting older when all your kids are in their 50s and 60s and your grandkids are in their 20s and 30s! No great grands in sight as yet.

Since I had previously bought enough 10oz heat shrink polyester fabric to cover two Dave Gentry Chuckanut 12 skin on frame kayaks but ended up only building one, I decided to use that remaining fabric on the amas instead of buying more cotton duck canvas. Test pieces were done to check the adherence of this new fabric to foam with Titebond II glue. I judged it not as good as the adherence to canvas but it seemed adequate. However, I much prefer working with the cotton duck canvas to cover a foam boat. In fact, after completing the first ama, including paint, I was not pleased with the result so I changed course and bought 4.5 yards of cotton duck canvas at Joann Fabrics (on sale, plus my 15% vet's discount) to see if I could

do a better job on the second ama. The canvas covering of the second ama did indeed do better and I am pleased with the result.



Happy Birthday to me! I turned 85 over Thanksgiving weekend. Reflecting on this past year I noted that I had spent the best part of it between the ill fated Trilaris project and this Trifoam 16 and never got any of my boats wet at all. Something is very wrong with that picture! I will adjust my priorities in 2019.

October is one of the best sailing months of the year in these parts. The air is much cooler but the water is still warm. My aim had been to get Trifoam 16 in the water by early October but that time has already passed. Our local Tellico Lake is part of the TVA system and between November 1 and December 1 the water level will gradually be drawn down by about 4' to accommodate the runoff from winter storms. That doesn't sound like much, but in some shallow areas that can move the water's edge many (even hundreds of) feet from its summer level. So we may not have a splash until next April/May when the waters rise again and the air begins to warm.

The weather has turned brutally cold here, at least for those of us no longer accustomed to mornings below freezing. I know that will bring laughter from those of you in northern climes, but my electric heater can't bring temps in the shop to a level comfortable for me (say 60°). Therefore, I have decided to conclude Part Three and finish later with a Part Four, which will include finishing touches, rigging and at last a splash and commentary. At this point, I don't intend to produce any plans for sale but instead to write an "Instructable" such as Rowerwet did with the original foam Sawfish 12. Faire Winds, my friends!

Making the mast for my twenty-four foot sailboat turned out to be a pretty straightforward business, once I found the right design!

As an amateur I find that each project I undertake is constrained not only by the need it will serve but also by its constructability using my skills, facilities and tools. Any large work I do is done out of doors on the ground, or at best on a seawall or a combination of saw horses and wooden keel blocks. I have no workbench or covered areas, no power tools save those which are hand held. My skills as carpenter and cabinet maker do not approach those of the Down East types whose projects are featured in the various boat magazines.

I wanted a round mast suitable for an unstayed Chinese Junk Rig but the problem would have been the same had I needed a stayed spar for a sloop or a cutter. Building a hollow mast from planks generally requires that the pieces be cut to very close tolerances indeed if unacceptable gaps are to be avoided in the critical glued areas. If this were not bad enough, a thirty-plus foot length means joining planks end to end and a twelve to one scarf joint, with perfect fit across the width of a plank, is well beyond my capabilities.

The solution appeared in the form of the Noble System. Using Barry Noble's method the eight individual planks, staves they are called, do not merely fit edge to edge but are each given a 90 degree groove along one edge so that they lock together mechanically as well. As a bonus they also present nearly 50% more surface area for the glue to get a grip on. These advantages meant that a mast built of pieces cut by coarse and imperfect hand work could still provide the strength and integrity required.

As the illustration shows, the grooved staves position themselves in a sort of self-assembling bundle which needs only to be slathered with epoxy resin, put together, and pulled up tight with a Spanish windlass.

According to Hasler & McLeod ("Practical Junk Rig", International Marine Publishing, Camden, Maine, 1988) the interlocking construction permits two-part staves to be butted together without even needing scarfs. The only difficult part seemed to be the cutting of the longitudinal grooves without the use of a workbench or a table saw.

Cutting a 90 degree groove down the edge of a two-by plank (two inches nominal thickness, one and a half inches actual thickness) would have been even more difficult than making a simple straight cut did not the clever interlocking design remove the necessity for thirty-second of an inch precision. As it was, I could get by with a job relatively crude by expert standards.

I needed just over thirty feet of spar. Being unstayed it must have a taper from butt to tip. This is easily done by tapering the individual staves. The only stipulation is that the butt joints, necessary because I could only get twenty-foot planks, be staggered along the length of the mast.

The old point-slope methods of high school algebra let me calculate the widths of the staves for ends and intervening points. I laid out two sets of staves, upper and lower, each twenty feet long, up from

A Noble Spar

By W.S. White



25 Years Ago in *MAIB*

Raising the finished spar.

the bottom and down from the top of a thirty-two foot mast. This gave me eight feet of overlap and let me cut each upper/lower pair so that their joints are all separated by a foot of mast height. In a burst of enthusiasm for tradition I cut the butt ends at a 45 degree angle instead of leaving them flat, forming rudimentary scarfs.

Cutting the grooves was simplicity itself once the proper method came to me. I made a "car" of two crossed pairs of 2x4's with the space on top sized to hold a hand held circular saw and the bottom slot a close fit over the edge of the fir planking.

The circular saw in its "car".



With the saw tilted 45 degrees and carefully centered, this contraption cut one leg of my 90 degree groove as it slid down the plank and completed the cut when I turned it around and ran it back the other way.

I first cut the planks to the size of two staves joined edge to edge and grooved the exposed edges before separating the individual staves by cutting down the line in the middle. This gave me wider pieces to work on. The planks were held edge up for the grooving by nailing scrap wood to several large wooden keel blocks, normally used to prop up boats that have been hauled out. The bits of wood formed slots to hold the planks and could be made very tight simply by cocking the keel blocks at a slight angle when needed.

Once the grooves were cut and the staves separated I laid them out side by side in pairs, upper and lower, overlapping by eight feet, and cut each pair at a different height above the base. I now had eight pairs of staves, sixteen staves altogether, ready to be glued up into a mast.



Preliminary layout of the pieces.

To support the assembly I put a large polyethylene trash bag over each of six keel blocks. This kept the epoxy from gluing my work to the blocks. On the side of the first block where the butt end of the mast was to be I nailed two pieces of wood in a "U" shape support to hold the stave bundle as it was put together.

Before applying any glue I painted every surface of the staves with epoxy resin thinned with alcohol to the consistency of water. A couple of coats will let the resin soak into the pores of the wood, sealing it from damp and rot while giving a stronger glue bond reaching below the surface and into the wood.

Assembly is easy enough if you work fast. The whole thing must be done at one time. The epoxy glue is smeared generously into the grooves and the staves are put into place and clamped every foot or so using a loop of one-half inch line and a stout stick to make a Spanish windlass. It is necessary to get all of the staves glued and assembled before the epoxy glue "goes off" and becomes too stiff to squeeze in the joints. Once the bottom bundle is complete and partially clamped, the upper staves can be glued and slid each into its proper slot. I used about one and a half gallons of epoxy glue and should have used two to fully fill the joints.



Butt end view after the first cut with the electric plane.

I gave the newly made mast two days to cure before cutting off the rope clamps and considering my next task. A Junk Rig wants a round mast. The sharp edged octagonal cross section formed by my staves must be trimmed round or nearly so.

Here a notable and flattering thing happened. Jerry T. insisted that I borrow his Makita electric planer to do the trimming. Usually one is considered an idiot to



First attempts at rounding with the saw didn't work.

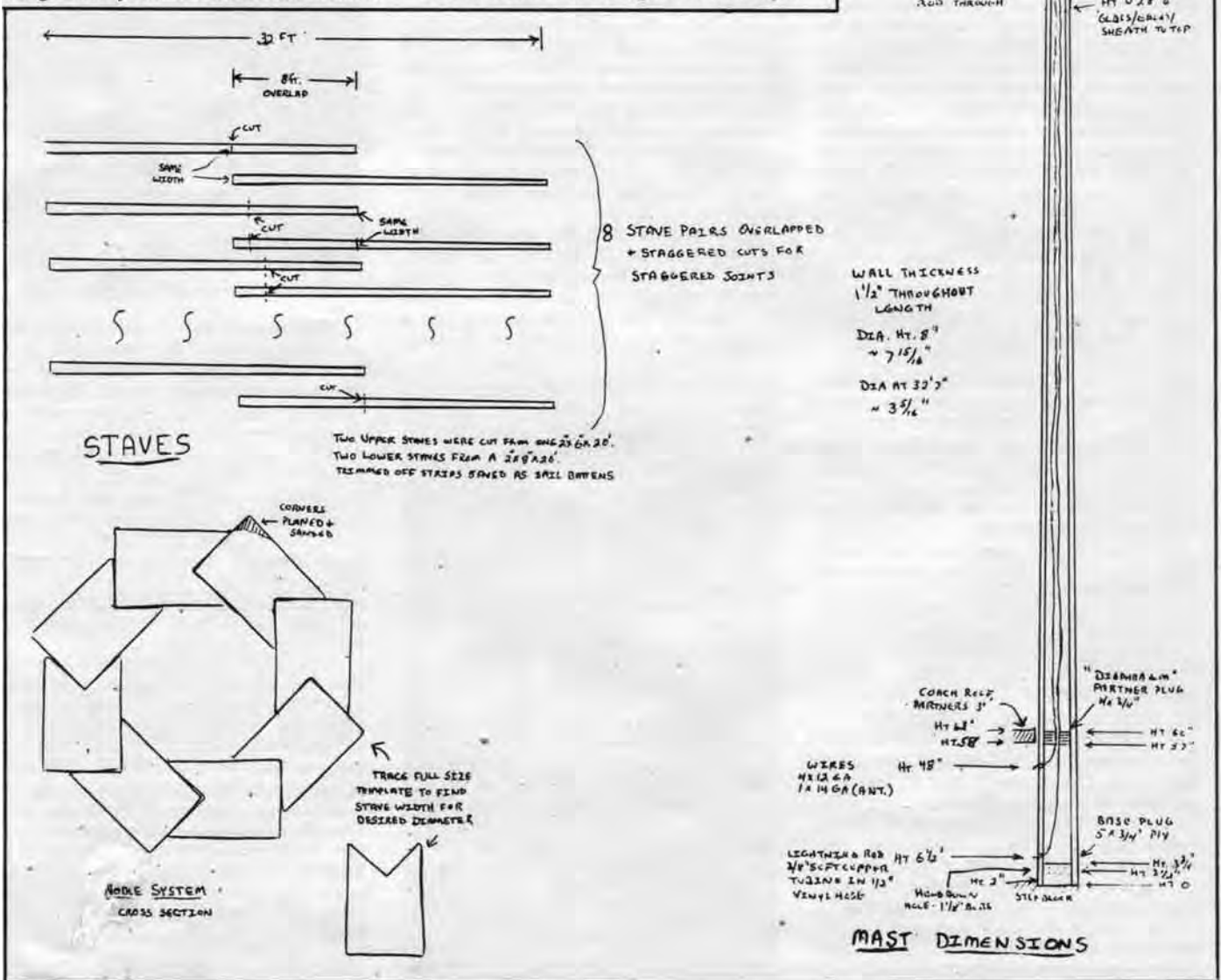
loan a tool. Courtesy forbids asking. Borrowing a good tool is a weighty responsibility and when I "planed" the cord of Jerry's expensive planer I felt obligated to return it in "as new" condition rather than just tape it together as I would have had it been my own.

The planer worked very well indeed, although with eight of the thirty-two foot edges to take off, I finally called it quits with heavily radiused corners instead of continuing until it was perfectly round. I tell myself that the wood furthest from the center line contributes most to the strength of the mast and should not be removed beyond reasonable necessity.

I expect that the corners could have been trimmed by my original plan with the circular saw set at an angle followed by a

few passes of the grinder but the saw, when first tried on this task, showed such a distressing tendency to dive into the wood that I was much relieved to be using the much more controllable electric planer.

From this point there were two types of jobs to be done. The first involved things which any spar would need. The second consisted of repairs of defects caused by errors of calculation and by crude methods.



The mast must contain a diaphragm, an internal plug made of layers of three-quarter inch plywood, cut to a template and shoved, covered with epoxy glue, into place inside the mast at the height of the partners. This supports the hollow mast against side loads. The diaphragm has a hole in the middle to pass various wires and a lightning rod made of three-eighths inch copper tubing. I cut a one and a half inch hole in each of the four pieces of plywood before they were installed. A similar plug without a hole strengthens the very bottom of the spar.

I drilled six one inch holes through the mast wall, 120 degrees apart, three of them just above the base plug and three at a height of four feet. These pass the wires into the cabin and the lower ones also drain the mast should, God forbid, any water find it's way to the inside.

Perhaps I should have wrapped the entire mast with epoxy impregnated fiberglass. It is not a bad idea. As it was I wrapped the top forty inches and two fifteen inch bands at the partners and the mast lift with six wraps for extra strength and as chafe protection for the wood. The final coating on the entire mast is "Steelflex", a highly abrasion resistant epoxy coating applied over a primer coat of thinned epoxy resin.



Fiberglass wrapping the top forty inches.

At the tip of the mast I bolted on a six inch square of one-half inch thick fiberglass material to seal it and to provide a pre-drilled base for attaching lights, etc.

I did not wish to have a masthead fitting made for attaching rigging. Instead I through-bolted three massive (one-half

Top of the mast platform for lights etc.



inch stock) galvanized eye bolts at a height of just over thirty-one feet above the base. These gave me six attachment points and the projections would let me loop line around the masthead and support tackle at intermediate points on the circumference. I was not sure that the mast did not have a slight bend and wished to be able to rotate it without being too concerned with exact orientation. As it happened the mast came out nice and straight but it could have been a minor problem.

The Noble system is damned clever. It is forgiving of imprecision and very strong. I would use it even if I wanted a square or rectangular mast. One can vary the cross sectional shape by making some of the staves wider than the others. Had I to do it over there are three errors which I would avoid.

First I would take more care in cutting the staves and their edge grooves. The gaps in the glue joints varied from zero to three-sixteenths of an inch in width. I would also put even more glue in these joints when assembling the pieces. I spent the better part of a week turning the mast and pouring epoxy resin into the gaps to fill them all flush. The finished product seems as strong as might be but a little closer fit would do no harm and would have saved considerable time and material.

Second, I would work much faster in gluing and assembling the stave bundle. The first groove glued, at the base, got pretty stiff before the clamps were twisted down. This left several feet of one quarter-inch gap which I filled and which seems sound, but I would have preferred to have avoided the problem.

My third error was one of calculation. In using the point-slope method to calculate the varying widths of the staves I neglected the fact that the depth of the edge

grooves is constant. This led to the tip diameter being less than the .41 times the base diameter recommended by Hasler & McLeod. It came out only about one-half inch smaller than desired (just three and three-quarters inches instead of four and one-quarter) and I fancy that the six wraps of fiberglass and epoxy on the top forty inches of the mast makes up for the loss. Still I suspend the rig about fourteen inches down from the top, sacrificing a little over a foot of useful height.

The hollow core of the mast at the tip had an internal diameter of only about three-quarters of an inch, too small for all my wires, so I drilled it out to one and a half inches and inserted a seventeen inch piece of thick wall stainless steel pipe in the core. Sealed in, with 3M 5200 and epoxy, it has an internal diameter of one and a quarter inches, just enough for the wiring, and it's one-eighth inch wall thickness strengthens the mast where the rigging load bears.

Before letting the crane lift and install the mast I made careful note of all measurements and dimensions, using them to draw an "as built" diagram of the spar for future reference.

The whole mast weighs between one hundred and seventy and a hundred and ninety pounds and behaves as a single unit. It vibrates in the wind at a frequency of about twenty hertz. I have been to the top on my PVC and shroud wire ladder (hailed aloft initially by line left threaded through the rigging eyes) to install hal-yard, topping lift, etc., and my one hundred and sixty pounds seemed not to affect it at all.

It is my opinion that Mr. Barry Noble is a very clever fellow and that a spar made with his system will fully live up to his name!

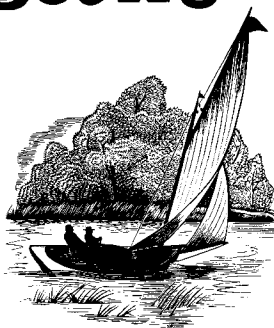
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Boat Building Constructing the Mast

Yesterday Christian and I focused on building the mast for the new 13' Peapod which we are building. Before we actually begin construction of the hull, we are pre making all of the various components such as the centerboard box, mast, snotter, rudder, the molds, bow and stern stems, along with the $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick, bead and cove strips that make up the actual hull.

We took two fairly straight spruce 2"x4"s, free of knots, and started preparing them to be epoxied together. We sanded the two surfaces, set up the $1\frac{1}{2}$ hp router with a 1" diameter core box bit. The 1" diameter core box bit will be used to route a channel down the length of both 2"x4"s, which when epoxied together will create a hollow mast. I had used this same method of construction to build the mast for my 16'00" gaff rigged, Melonseed sailboat. We attached a guide to the base and set Christian up with the router. We made three passes, each pass a little deeper. This was Christian's first time handling 10lb router and he did a fine job.



Before I proceed with the main body of this episode, I wish to quote (as I so often do) W.C. Fields, "Things happened."

Obviously the reader is not perusing this episode in the November issue. That's largely because November is pretty much the span of time to which that W.C. Fields quote applies. An account of some of these "Things..." follows.

Winter. Had I forgotten that this happens about this time every year? Well maybe not exactly, but there were various things that hadn't occurred to me. One was the degree to which the systems I had set up for the construction of *Dancing Chicken*, not only useful but delightful for the summer, would obviously have to be adapted to the changing conditions. I had just finally gotten those factors adjusted to a point where I figured I could get back to getting some progress progged on the build and was just looking forward to a good night's sleep as a well earned reward for my efforts.

Then, suddenly, in the middle of the night, Garnch! Garnch! Garnch! A very loud gnawing noise began, right up somewhere near the head of the bunk. Upon investigation, I concluded that it must be coming from the bathroom closet (which is indeed right next to the head of the bunk on the other side of the partition). I got the closet door open (which it hadn't been in years). The camper (and the closet) was in use by my niece and her mother for a time, but so far I hadn't needed that closet so I hadn't used it. Next, I cleared out various things that I found in there that I thought might be interesting to mice (whom I suspected as being the perpetrators of this disturbance of the peace) and put a drop of spearmint oil on a piece of paper towel in the closet on the shelf. I slept soundly for the rest of the night and I think maybe for the next one.

But then, on the following night, Garnch! Garnch! Garnch!

OK, so back I go on my investigative activities and I found this, "What the expletive deleted is that?" I could imagine someone very reasonably inquiring. That is a bottle of Earliworm. It must have been stored in that closet at least 20 years ago. It says on the label that it is carob flavored and that pets love the flavor. So, apparently, do most mammalian vertebrates including, obviously, mice. Since removing that item it has quieted down quite a bit. I think a reasonable *modus vivendi* with the rodent population has been established which will have to do for the moment, or at least until I can take the time to do some further mouseproofing in the bathroom. I'd sort of back burned that for awhile because I had other things on the agenda and also, until just recently, there hadn't seemed to be so obvious a need to do so.



Dancing Chicken

A MiniSaga in (?) Parts

Part XXIII

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Meanwhile, here's where I left off on Part XXIII awhile ago when the things that happened happened. Pursuant to the statement in Part XXII that "the next thing she will need are some bracing and hardware, etc," here is one of those three dimensional rough sketches. This one is of both halves of *Dancing Chicken* joined into one boat (it's actually a combination of the "rough sketch" I originally included in Part XIX and one I did at home to twiddle around with).



The next one is of what I refer to as the "keel cable." On the right is a close up. The purpose is to mitigate the longitudinal stresses that would normally affect a craft like this. (The ends of the cable attach to hooks or some such just inside bow and stern. I say "or some such" because I'm still in the process of figuring this out.) A friend at church drew an interesting comparison to the Egyptian/Phoenician anti hogging device utilized on their ships, even though the stresses on the Phoenician ships for which this device was designed were exactly opposite to the ones that would need to be counteracted for *Dancing Chicken*.

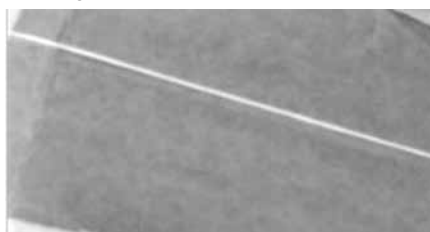


Figure 3-5: The hogging-truss or rope-spine runs over the stanchions above the deck (Blue arrow) (Landström 1969:11).

The subject itself was interesting enough anyway though, so I looked it up and decided to include one of the items from the page I pulled up when I asked for "Phoenician anti hogging device for their ships." Rather amusingly, the line at the top of the screen reads, "Did you mean phoenician anti hogging device for their ships?" Anyway, here's a link. (This link is especially interesting and full of information. It's actually a dissertation for a master's degree.)

Trade and Phoenician Ships: Types, Trends, uir.unisa.ac.za/bitstream/handle/10500/10344/dissertation_smith_am.pdf?...1. Here's an illustration from that dissertation:

While searching for ideas for hardware for folding sectional dinghies, I refound (I'd found it, oh, years ago, I guess, and then never could find it again until just very recently), this video:

The *Boy Mechanic* Project: Portable Folding Boat – YouTube: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O18t_wETShM ▶ 4:59 Jan 27, 2008 - Uploaded by Gina Siepel. A video documentary about a project in which I built a boat from a 1915 DIY book for boys, and launched it at ...

One of the elements I found interesting in the video was the method of securing the sections after the boat was unfolded, which was with fasteners on the outside of the boat on the sides rather than through the bulkhead at the junctures which is apparently the method most used in most of the other designs I have looked at. For *Dancing Chicken*, all things considered, some of each might be a good idea.

So on we go. Since there probably won't be any "in the water" testing for some months, the plan will probably be to utilize the next few months for fabricating various reinforcing structures, hardware, etc. I will probably plan to include sketches and photos, etc, of these as they develop.

Meanwhile one may wonder into what will, with all these ideas gleaned from Egypt, Phoenicia and Walden Pond, USA (where Gina Siepel launched his *Boy Mechanic* project) --- finally coalesce?

We shall see.



Sometimes, the Best Way to Build Something New is to Break Something

Walkabout came with a pretty compact and rather unusual galley compartment, a sink, pump and massive stainless steel countertop and splash. Built like a little brick you know what. And I've been dithering over it. Leave it alone? Pull it all apart? Leave most of it alone and change just a little bit of it and make it completely different but don't mess with the good parts? Dithering can really lead to a prolonged paralysis. Stuck. As these things go, it didn't actually HAVE to go. A shelf and a couple of doors and out the door.



In a small space that can bounce around and tilt and roll, I don't think stowage ends with just stuffing stuff into a box. I think it has more to do with being able to get at that stuff, both in and out and useful. Not that our present working conditions would imply a lot of attention to detail when you get down to the "Neatness Thing."



But we have hopes and a long history of getting our floating house in order sooner or later. So after a sort of perambulating day shift on the ladder trying to smooth and cajole a near inaccessible boat rooftop into some semblance of regularity, it's gotta be painted and more or less put to rest.

Pulling a perfectly good galley flat apart and making something else in its stead, at about 2100 on a night when working on other things probably made more sense, seemed to make no sense. So that's what we did.



The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

We'll just have to rely on that mental etch a sketch for this one. Somewhere in this picture is a stove pull out, a couple of drawers, a gray water catchment thingie and a tile counter top.



Art and Science at Frankenwerke

Frankenwerke is having an Art Class and Science Class, all very much applied research. We've got a production schedule to keep. We've got to get this boat ready for the Voyaging Season that will be in full swing before we know it right after the snow that hasn't yet fallen has melted.

First the art part. One of the more successful ideas we've developed over the years is this simulated weave of small chunks of pine trees. Quite by accident by just messing with scraps I discovered that a ratio of one to three could create a pretty interesting mosaic. I stuck a couple of these tableaux on either side of *Miss Kathleen's* cabin (first iteration). Folks came out of the woodwork, so to speak, to admire and ask about these things. Kinda amazing actually. Heavy, also.

I figured the only way to avoid using a bazillion brads was to glue this creation up on a horizontal surface on a stiff and smooth substrate. When I demolished the original cabin last fall, it seemed prudent to salvage a small shard mostly because I'd forget all about how I did it and have to re re re invent the wheel. Also, it was an opportunity to evaluate a few things. This is a bunch of $\frac{3}{8}$ " (nominal) strips of hand milled pine glued down onto a sheet of $\frac{1}{2}$ " MDO plywood. Here it's quite apparent that an edge that remained unsealed has already begun the process of turning to mulch. Surprisingly, the glue bonds appear quite unaffected by exposure, impact and temperature/moisture variations.



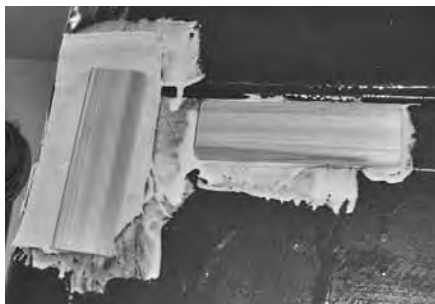
The current *Walkabout* has a cabin that absolutely needs to be camouflaged somehow. I keep getting an image of Claribel the Clown's bald pate. Colors and line breaks are still on the table but I keep thinking it would be pretty cool to return to something that worked visually before. There's some questions to answer first, like how can I reduce the weight, get better exposure protection for the substrates and how can I make it work as an important element in covering up for less than perfect structural work? Gotta hide some of this stuff.



So we tried some stuff. Whatif we put our chunks of tree, this time cedar, on a lightweight and somewhat flexible membrane made out of a canvas drop cloth and set in purportedly waterproof TBIII glue? This part of the experiment required a sub experiment, how do we make a glueable substrate without gluing it to the table? Ahhhh, how about painter's film?



Then I got to wondering if I could simply glue the chunks of cedar on directly to the MDO in a vertical orientation without driving all those nails? Then we asked, "Can we glue this stuff directly to a vertical fiberglass panel?" Not with the "traditional" construction cement spread with a trowel and stuck to every finger and strand of hair, in the process of attempting to seat and secure it? Then we got pretty loose and wondered if we could use this wood glue to stick wood to an uneven, not very porous surface, vertically without mechanical fasteners? Let's try it, both with and without a canvas intermediary.



So far, the damn glue is still dripping and staying goopy. It's yet to be seen what might come of all this. But the process has been pretty interesting. It's artistically scientific.



Best Choice of a Dinghy?

I've already been wondering about what the best choice of a dinghy might be for next summer's big deal boat trips that are starting to populate the not yet delivered 2019 COOT Calendar's pages. By the time the snow falls and piles up and melts we're gonna want to be able to get ashore from this or that anchorage. At one time or another I've had the cockamamie notion that I had finally discovered the Holy Grail, the absolutely best choice among terribly flawed compromises in a small, towable, sailable, rowable, beachable, liftable, untipoverable shoreboat.



This what's the best dinghy topic seems to flash across the screen and then sort of flicker out again and again. It's a problem so I consulted with one of the experts.

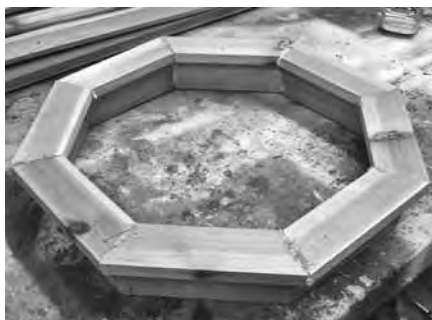


Jim Brown has been running a series in *MAIB* on both how to and not to make small boats out of bubbles. Jim's an admitted engineer type, a guy who follows directions, thinks about things before he actually does things and even considers his next move in advance of all the screwy notions. So I called him up and asked him if he might want to help me figure a few things out.

He's actually not the only guy I know about who makes boats out of bubbles. The Lucas has been doing it for years. And a couple of others here and there seem to make floaty things out of air and just about no trees. Jim said he'll help out with the Next Big Thing in my search for the ideal dinghy. We've got some ideas.

An Octagonal Peg in a Round Hole

I just couldn't wait to see if this thing was gonna sorta fit so, of course, the glue wasn't quite done holding hands. Of course, it fell into component parts and got goo on the shouldn't be gooeey sides. Of course, I'll have to pull the thing out and shape and sand and all that. But I sorta had a "working mockup" chunked out of pine and plywood scrap. But with stuff like this, $\frac{1}{8}$ " can matter.



So I called Sam and asked him to get out his slide rule, we had some work to do. We talked about arcs and tangents and radii and even a theta or two. At first I figured more sides, the merrier but, like often, the difference between .065° and .039° just doesn't compute in holding a chunk of twisted cedar T&G straight and level. So we settled on an octagon, an eight sided framework expected to fit through an imperfect 16" hole.



Of course, I allowed for an additional $\frac{1}{4}$ " on the penetration that didn't need to be allowed for. This will add "interest" to getting an interior trim ring to fit. After a little more practice I just likely will forget this wasn't even close to what I started out to do or just maybe it was and I just didn't know it yet.



Fiddley Bits and a Bit of a Standown

We got the last of about 400 separate, itty bitty chunks of cedar trees stuck on the port side of *Walkabout*'s after cabin addition. I'll round out the hole and straighten up the edges and sand.



And then, well, we have to turn the lights out for a period of weeks, hopefully not months. It's coming up on "Bionic Knee Day," my second such "holiday." I guess I'll call it a holiday from climbing ladders and standing around in front of this or that floor tool, generating copious amounts of noise and dust and wood pieces. As I recall, the mantra sounds like, "Ice, elevate, flex, and take it easy..." And THAT, is never easy.

Target Fixation

Stare at something long enough and you just might see what it is you're lookin' at. I've been completely obsessed with how I was supposed to haul a small shore boat around. This Frankenproject ain't within a country mile of being ready to go back in the water. We have absolutely no need for a dinghy rack, maybe not for another six months. So I started making mockups of the mental etch a sketch drawings, starting with conventional. A small mast that will host a lifting boom and flag hoist and anchor light isn't all bad.



The only thing for it, was to burn up a few metal cutting blades on a few hunks of 1" stainless tubes. And after about six hours of twiddling and fooling around, presto! The darn thing kept falling over and slipping cockeyed and generally didn't seem to want to play. I got a scaffold ladder and dragged it to where I could lift and hold stuff better. Of course, while I was climbing in to get things to stand up it leaned over. Ahhhhhh...



"Target Fixation" Reprise

The ss bow, set aft at an aft raking angle with appropriate struts will stand by itself. If it'll stand alone, then it won't need to be tied to the cabin top for support. If it doesn't need to be tied to the cabin top, then (not shown) a bar and roller set across the motor well at the top of the transom will allow for picking the bow of the dinghy up while standing in the cockpit. If I can lift the bow and pull it part-way into the cockpit (like a trawl net), then I should be able to flip it over onto the gunn'l. If I can flip it over, then I should be able to push it overhead onto the cabin top (being pulled between the legs of the ss bow). If I can lift one end at a time, then I should be able to lift the stern and set it back onto the ss bow. Like shoving a canoe up onto the roof rack of your SUV one end at a time.

It's a Collaboration

A whole buncha folks offered both encouragement and suggestions and I think we have jelled much of that into this. Among were practical considerations like, "How ya gonna keep that fancy decal stuff from getting scratched off when you slide across a dock or put fenders over?"



We could be inching closer to ready for launch. There are a few cans of Rustoleum Regal Red in the 2X formula out in the paint locker. I was out on that ladder late last night, smearing fairing goop all over the top, got to comes back today and sand it out smoother. I don't think I can paint over that mess. Surely I've learned something by now.

Faeringgoop Returns

Some of these magic elixirs piled up on a Portable Universal Polyethylene Work Surface (plastic trash bag) are beginning to look pretty darn official. The results appear to be about per normal. In fact, I'm pretty sure we will be fully employed for the foreseeable future, attempting to clean.



I think I actually thought I could smooth stuff out and make it look half fast. That stuff was spread just about all over the place. I also had sanding discs from about #80 up to #120 grits all clogged up and lying all over the floor. Dust was piled up everywhere. Even that radical transom repair got "glossed over."

When I went on to inspect, there were flat spots and dribbles and scratches and other horrors the self respecting RBG (real boat builder guy) would simply turn away from in dismay. Now, I'm gonna have to climb back up there and slitherslide around with #220 or an even bigger number. 'Tis a lofty and gritty proposition.



Beginning to Look the Part

I've been wondering when we might begin to look the part. It's finally past time to shut the Frankenwerke down for a bit of orthopedic overhaul. I guess I ran on past the quittin' date for a week or so. It was tempting to keep pushing the TODOs lower. Maybe we're getting down to that famous Lucas Equation, "When you figure you've got 90% of the project done, you only have 90% to go." *Walkabout* is coming together.



It's tempting to start adding "stuff" to the mix like a bit of teak gingerbread up forward? Maybe? I've got this slab of 6/4 teak that has been gracing the Someday Pile for a decade or more. Maybe? And I also have been toying with a place for the cast iron "hot spot" that Johnny Mac sent along from Vermont.



I still don't know what the galley box will get covered with. If it's wood, then a place to set hot stuff would be a good thing. As near as I can figure, the swing stove is gonna reside inside the cabinet and pull out on some sort of slide thingie. The Wardroom Table and General Mess and Ship's Writer's Station will need similar toppings. And the helm station still needs a helm thingie. I threw a perfectly good one away with that last hull that went to the dump.



Color coordination seems to be finding its way, still possibly a shift from two tone to three tone? Something about being "Period Correct."

I understand that the back door and window frames and stuff like that are "figured out" and that it'll all come together pretty quickly when we get back to work in a while. Things are beginning to look the part.



I wrote about my QT Skiff in the February 2013 issue of *MAIB*. I built it to keep on the rail at Marsh Creek after waiting 12 years for my name to get to the top of the list. What I didn't say in the article is that I built it quickly which resulted in several problems. The boat came out crooked so it wouldn't row in a straight line. I could live with that but I couldn't live with it falling apart, the result of my hasty build. It was time for a new boat after five years.

I wanted a flat bottom for enough stability to stand and fish. A beam of 48" is the maximum allowed on the rail and that became my goal. It would be appropriate for the 7' oars I owned. I wanted a boat that performed well under oars. At more than 500 acres, rowing around the lake shoreline can take several hours. The lake is scenic so I enjoy the exercise and the opportunity to stop and fish.

Weight was a consideration. Keeping the boat under 100lbs was my goal so I could pull the boat onto the rail. In my 70s that is about all I can handle. My preference in material was plywood. I thought that building a 12' boat with 1/4" marine plywood would meet my weight requirement. I was prepared to cover the bottom with fiberglass to protect it. When the lake was low I would have to drag the boat several yards over gravel to get to the water.

My last requirement was extremely important. The boat had to look good. A sweet sheer and classic lines would satisfy my desire to smile when I used it.

For several months I looked at plans, kits and used boats for sale. If I could find the right boat used that would be fine.

The Echo Bay Dory Skiff

By Jack Mizrahi



Unfortunately nothing suitable was available and winter was coming to an end. I wanted to get on the water by summer. It was back to looking at planst and kits. Finally I found what would work.

Chase Small Craft had the Echo Bay Dory Skiff available as a kit. It was about 12' with a 48" beam. Weight completed was under 100lbs. It had the requisite flat bottom, was built with 1/4" plywood and had classic lines. It was perfect.

I ordered the kit in the spring. Delivery took weeks and construction took months working on the boat part time in my garage. I made several changes to suit my needs. The stern seat was designed to be watertight to provide flotation. Since I planned to have the boat right side up on the rail I needed a drain plug in the stern so water would drain when it rained. I opened the area under the seat.

The plans called for fiberglass tape on the chines. Instead I fiberglassed the bottom including the keel and the chines. I added graphite to the last coat of epoxy on the bottom to make it easier to slide the boat. To protect my investment the boat is chained to the rail. I installed a U-bolt under the front seat for the chain. To protect myself, the bottom is non skid so I can stand occasionally without falling out.

My choice was a good one. The Echo Bay Dory Skiff will stay at Marsh Creek for seven months of the year for me to use.



Marsh Creek and the Echo Bay Dory Skiff.



Echo Bay Dory Skiff on the rail at Marsh Creek. Notice the chain and lock at the bow. The lake is very high the result of recent rains. Normally the area under the boat would be dry.

Thanksgiving is over and we had our first day of winter. I know, it was only down in the 60s but that's our winter. Some of you, like Richard Honan and family here, enjoy a slightly cooler winter. I think that's frozen salt water on the dock. I suppose that's normal for New England.



Here's my dock on the same day, the dogs are waiting for a boat ride. No ice. I waded in to help Scotty get his boat on the trailer. Notice that he's paddling with a cleaning brush.



Why, you may ask, is a man who is part owner of a boat factory paddling with a brush and not using the motor or the trolling motor? If it were anything other than a boat I'd explain, but since it is a boat this is just normal every day par for the course.

All is not cookies and cream, we had to break down and install the stove in the Tiki Hut. This is a yearly ritual along with driving over to the wood man to get a truckload of firewood. Sometimes it gets so hot we have to turn the fan on but fires are great.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

I have so many things to do on the *Queen* that I get frozen up and can't seem to do anything so I'm trying to pick one thing and stick to it. Currently it's the kitchen and dining room, which is also the guest bedroom. Putting on the Formica top involved one of the scariest things a man can do, contact cement!! If it doesn't go on perfectly it's screwed up forever. I cut the piece for the top extra large to give me lots of wiggle room.



Way back in the good old days BWAK (before wife and kids) I spent all of my time playing on sailboats and drinking beer and other things. I delivered boats, crewed on boats and helped on boats. The one I had the most fun with was one of these, it's a Columbia Sabre. The hull is a flat out 5.5 meter racing hull that will point almost straight into the wind. It's 32' long and only 6' wide and has a big heavy keel. It likes to sail heeled over at an almost 45° angle. They stuck a cabin on this super racing hull to try to sucker some into thinking this was a pocket cruising boat, not in your wildest dreams.



The guy who owned it knew nothing about sailing, and I mean nothing, he's one of those who got sucked in. The Tampa Sailing Squadron ran a racing season with all kinds of different boats racing on a handicap rule to make it fair and I really wanted to have a go with this thing so I talked the owner into letting me use it. He would come along once in a while but not usually because it was scary as hell to the non believers. I mean how can it not turn over and drown you when it's half-way there anyway.

I couldn't convince him that it was designed that way. You see those long overhanging pointy ends, when it's heeled way over they touch the water giving the boat a longer waterline and making it faster. Anyway, it was great fun and I was always first to finish but never won because of the huge penalty in time the boat had. I was looking for a picture to show you and came across this one.



It had a well for an outboard motor, here I am making a plug to keep water from coming up the well and slowing us down. That's my brother in the background, he wouldn't ever go with me because "the damn thing is too tippy and spills my beer." I have to admit it was the most thrilling and the most uncomfortable boat I've ever sailed. Cruising my ass.



Helen just handed me an eggnog so it's a good time to finish up the year. We had our annual lighted boat parade and it was a big hit, as usual, not because the boats or lights were so special but because it was the excuse to have a big party, as if we need an excuse.

We had a collection of boats you'll likely not find anywhere else for this exciting event. The boat on the left is Simon's John Adkins "Ninigret." The one inboard of it is Wally's 19' *Big Ben* garvey with a cabin and walk through front door.



The *Dirty Banana* is Richard's "Scamp." The nose is my *Lurlyne*, a modified "Nini-gret." And the boat outside of me is Tom's Herreshoff "Carpenter" that he modified with a motor well so it's actually useable.



John had his little aluminum skiff all decked out.



The real showboat with the most lights was Scotty's Panga with outriggers, it lit up the whole river.



A huge full moon was coming up as we left the dock and again I learned that trying to keep these guys in some kind of order is like herding cats.



Richard got this idea for a trailer from Lonnie Black and had to do him one better. It has a walk around platform and stick on rubber teak, it works great.



Howard's 16' Glen L speedboat is looking really good. I love how it's low and wide.



Simon finished putting a new bottom on his little tugboat and had to lower it back down. He figured it was safer to lower it from up top than to be standing on the ground under it. I'm not sure how far he could have jumped. There was no way this thing was going to drop. Our skyhook is mighty strong.



It's really dangerous to come around our shop and show interest in any of the boats back out in the graveyard. Not only does Simon have the little tug but he now also has this cool Ninigret. He can add these to his dozen or so other boats, including two, yes two, Egrets.

That's it for now, for the New Year put a stove in your backyard and invite all of your worthless friends to hang out and tell lies and drink fermented refreshments.





Electric Boat Association of America

Welcome!

The Electric Boat Association of America was formed in 1992 to gather those dedicated to the enjoyment and promotion of clean and quiet electric boating.

EBAA Objectives

To be an educational arm and information source for electric powered boating issues.

To be a planning and organizing agency for meetings, exhibitions and competitions.

To be a clearinghouse for ideas and information on electric boat products and services.

To be a representative of electric boaters in matters of environmental protections and regulations with all levels of government.

To be a link with similar international associations in the promotion of electric boating activities and events.

To provide a forum for individuals and home builders to share experience and advice on their electric boat related projects.

Electric Boat Association of America
PO Box 2115, Beaufort, NC 28510
Tom Hesselink: ebaa@ec.rr.com



1905 Chestnut Canoe Replica.

Electric launch on Central Park Lake New York, postcard image.



Battery and Solar Module System Sizing for My Potter 15

© 2018 Jerome S. Culik
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

I have a Garmin GPS and the power specs in the owner's manual say it draws 0.5a at 12VDC. Presumably that would be with the chart plotter AND the depth transducer both running. If I want to operate this GPS for ten hours without recharging (a long cloudy day out on the Bay), then I will need 10 hours x 0.5 amps = 5 amp hours of power.

A good rule of thumb is that we can discharge a lead acid battery designed for deep cycling to only about 50% of its amp hour capacity if we don't want to reduce the battery's life. Occasional "deep" discharges of lead acid batteries (say, to 70%-80% of the amp hour rating) are OK as long as we promptly recharge the battery (and the definition of "occasional" is left to the user, just sayin'). For *Blue Knot*, a 10ah AGM battery (the type that is used in emergency lights or in computer backup power supplies) should have more than enough capacity (10ah x 50% = 5ah) to run my GPS even on a really cloudy day as long as I've got a sunny day on the morrow to recharge the battery. Cost on the web for a 10ah AGM battery is about \$25 (www.batteryclerk.com).

To recharge the battery, I will need at least 5ah of solar power to replenish what I used. If I think that I'll have five or six hours of strong sunlight on a typical sailing day, then I can use a 20w solar module that puts out 1a of current to give me the 5ah that I need (5 hours of sun x 1a = 5ah of charging current). If I want to recharge faster, or run the GPS while I'm also recharging the battery, I need a bigger solar module, or modules (more amps = more area).

Another consideration in choosing a solar module is that lead acid batteries want to be charged at around 10% to 20% of their ah rating. For example, my 10ah battery wants to be charged at 1a to 2a. Less current is OK, it just takes longer to fully charge the battery. A charging rate that's a little more than 20% might be OK, too. But charging much higher than 20% of the battery's ah rating can become a problem due to heating and electrolyte boil off.

Since we are talking about small boats where deck area for the solar modules is limited, I might want to fit two smaller 1a (20w) modules connected in parallel for 2a of charging current for my 10ah AGM battery. But to keep the wiring simple, I'll first check to see if I have enough deck space for a single, larger solar module. A 30w module, which is about 1' wide and 2' long, will put out about 1 1/2a in full sun, enough to charge the battery AND run the GPS if I have a nice sunny day.

One has to look carefully at module costs, two aluminum framed 20w modules from Home Depot would run \$140, but I can get a 30w module from Alt-E (www.altestore.com) for only about \$70. So for the same \$140 (and if they fit) I could buy two bigger 30w modules instead of two 20w modules and then get a bigger battery. Flexible modules are tougher and can be mounted flush to

the deck but they are expensive (over \$300 for 30w modules). For my situation, sailing on the Chesapeake Bay for a few days at time, aluminum framed modules work fine and they are still fairly easy to secure.

Between the solar module and the battery we need a charge controller. The most efficient controllers are "MPPT," maximum power point tracking and that's what we want when the sun is moving all around as we sail. There are several good brands, Morningstar is a US maker that has been building quality equipment for decades and Genesun, a newer US outfit than Morningstar, builds a series of efficient, sealed, low cost MPPT charge controllers that are "marine grade." Their smallest charge controller for lead acid batteries is rated for 4 amps (big enough for about 50 watts of solar modules) and costs about \$60 (www.altestore.com).

Since we're sticking to 12VDC (and no inverter), that's about all we need as far as equipment and component sizing go. If we increase our loads, we buy a bigger battery and add more or bigger solar modules and, if necessary, choose a charge controller to handle the higher current from the solar modules. Wiring is pretty simple, just make sure to use switches and fuses where they should be, use marine rated wire of the appropriate size to reduce losses, solder the wire ends and solder any crimp connectors (per "belt and suspenders" theory).

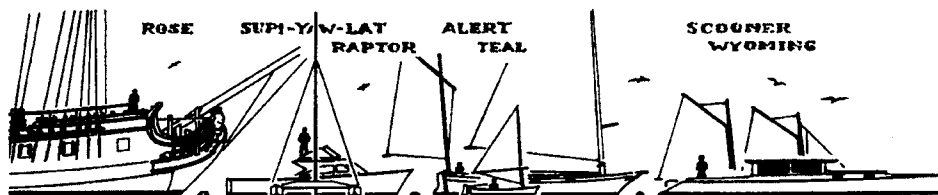
One last thought. Since I can and do use the Potter's steel centerboard as my depth sounder on the Bay, to save power I can disconnect the Garmin's depth transducer. I have never measured how much difference this makes in consumption but I'm sure it's worth the trouble if I'm being really frugal. Saving power and reducing losses (more copper in the wiring and low resistance, soldered connections) are ALWAYS the cheapest and easiest options!

Lithium ion phosphate batteries (or "Li-Fe", the safe kind of lithium ion battery) can be discharged much more deeply than lead acid (100% depth of discharge vs 50% for lead acid), they can be recharged much faster (charging currents up to 100% of the battery amp-hour rating) and they can be deeply cycled many more times than lead acid batteries (3,000 cycles versus 500 typical for lead acid). All great features in a battery!

If you look around the web, you can probably find a 10ah Li-Fe battery for about \$150 (versus \$25 for a 10ah AGM battery). My local solar module supplier also sells Li-Fe batteries as drop in replacements for lead acid batteries (the battery management system is built into the battery). The smallest Li-Fe battery he sells, 20 amp hours, is listed in his catalog for \$179 and I'm sure I could buy it for less than that today.

Li-Fe batteries have a lot of performance advantages and they are going to get cheaper as the manufacturing volumes increase. But they are still very expensive compared to lead acid batteries, even AGMs. If low weight or ease of replacement and minimal maintenance has value, or charging quickly at high current rates, or being able to deeply discharge the battery for many years are important, then the additional cost of Li-Fe batteries might be worth it.

And at some point, when I get tired of maintaining and replacing my lead acid batteries, I will spend the money to convert to Li-Fe batteries. It's an option today, but not yet for me.



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"We will get to that final 31' powerboat study next issue, meaning that four lengths of 8' ply sheets PAYSON jointed geometry..." so I ended the January piece with. So, after a two issue delay since the most recent proposal on this hull shape, here is one more variation on this theme. Of course, I'd argue it has been worth the wait and that good things take good while, thus triggering enough eye rolling in some quarters to suggest early that I keep this piece short.

Now that this geometry has been reasonably well thought through, it seems all rather obvious. Starting with the outboard powered workboat study and its wheelhouse way forward, for this cruiser proposal, instead of the tight forward private head, we'll just use that 4' high space for lines storage around that hatch through which we'll work her ground tackle standing securely within her. We could monkey around on that narrow foredeck of this light hull but why would we want to?

Behind that two panel windshield we'll use two decent seats to drive and navigate her from. Shown are about 6'4" of headroom with more doable in a number of ways. Either side has that big aft hinged side window to open inwards just above the backrest for enough reach out left and right of her helm to control forward lines in a lock, to just open her up, with screening options to be tried for best utility.

Moving aft, just like between the front seats of a larger van, with 6'6" headroom

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #532 in *MAIB* One More Two-some Coastal Power Cruiser Study

right to the cockpit door, we'll slide past two 6'6" long bunks with the port one some 24" wide and the starboard one offering around 28" aft, both reasonably adequate once we've done a few nights in them. Good storage under and several options to open one or more windows each side there as well.

On the starboard side there is room for a mix of bookshelves and flat panel TV for a few morsels for the mind and the heart after all that feasting on visuals, adventure, challenges of the cruising day or just to keep balanced on the sixth day of rain. And on her portside, that 3'6" wide galley could grow another 18" of counter space with a flip-up panel to even allow two to produce more than just morsels. Everyone will have their own preferences about laying out that galley arrangement on the available footprint.

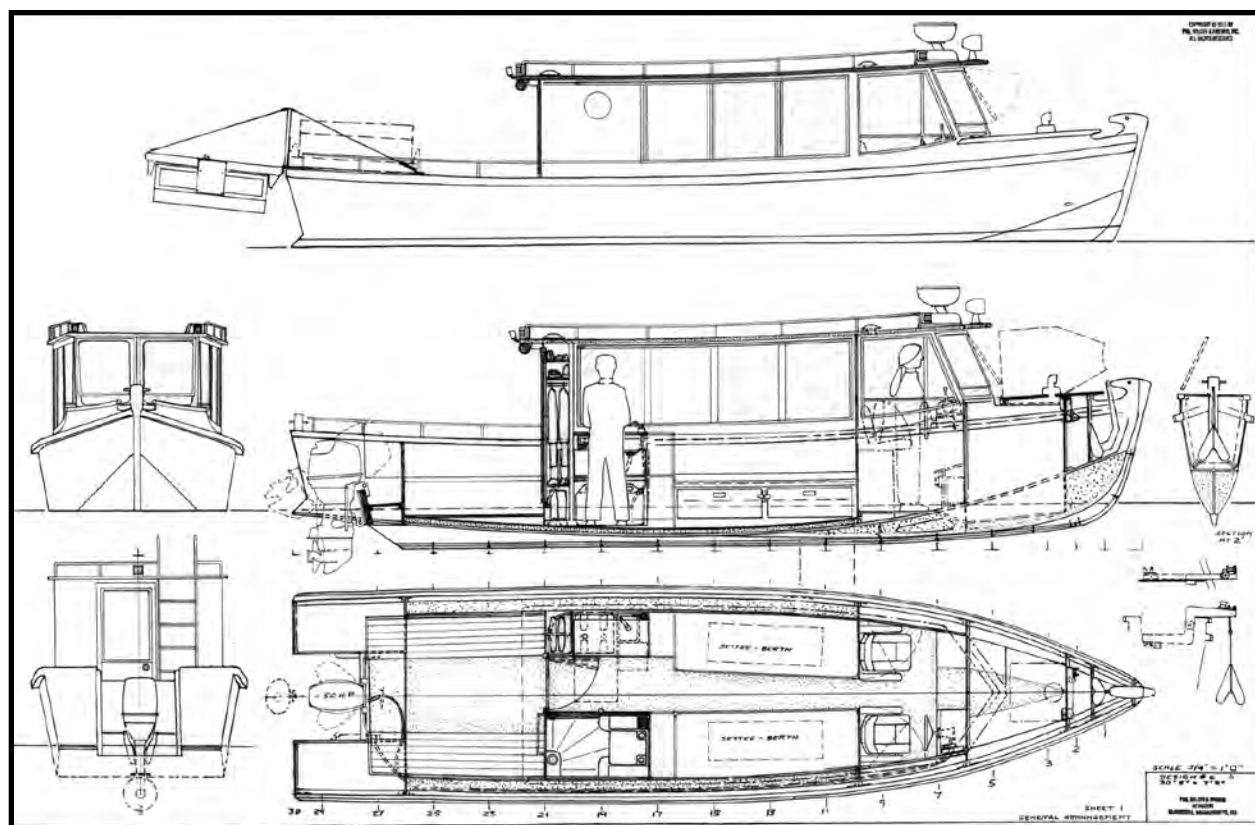
Same thing will be true for our ideas about the head. For instance, we might put the toilet aft to sit facing forward with the shower pan ahead, and thus the door opening the other way, hinged or sliding.

Moderate volumes of fresh and gray water tanks could find locations under the bunks forward.

Or we'd put them under bunks in the cockpit should we prefer permanent benches there, versus a flip up arrangement to get them out of the way for fishing or just discreet sunbathing on that cockpit floor.

Benches are about 6' in length and some 18" wide, good enough for four to have an aperitif. Unless, of course, we want to climb up that ladder up the head's wall on her starboard side to spread out on that roof. How many folks she'd like up there will depend some upon her load under cabin bunks and, of course, sea state. Too many up there would likely get shed by her one way or the other. That's why a ladder over her side, or integrated into one of her transom halves, would seem appropriate. For the slighter of frame and agile of reflexes, on a leash behind the cruiser, the extra wide 6'6" long x 4' wide Tortoise dinghy shown in her profile as an option should allow getting in over its side.

Of course I would say this, but this overall easy on the eyes Light Cruiser appeals in its minimalism of footprint and resources, and yet seems generous in its ergonomics, overall utility to explore coastlines, rivers and lakes for weeks on end, getting there via fast and slow roads if need be. Perhaps that air cooled V-2 turning the sail drive. Winter dreams! More to come on this 31' hull geometry.





Ship's Log Tampa Bay Ship Model Society 3

isChus, your Sec/Ed, displayed progress on the 15', open, Sam Rabi, 1930's Titmouse design, Little Bird. The boat lives in San Diego, and owns fabulous Annie, Scuzmum of the Traditional Small Craft Association chapter of the Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society... called the "Scuzbums."

The 1/15, half hull of the model that has lived to completion (so far) is natural cherry over painted poplar. It will be mounted to a photo portrait of Annie that also has the sails transparently printed. The deck is "canvassed" with dressmaker's muslin applied with dilute Elmer's white. The accessory CB + trunk, rudder + tiller, skeg, and floorboards are completed, as are the spars. The only rigging is a jib-stay, single shroud and the sheet. These will be applied in 3-D, with some deck hardware, also largely done. The boom gooseneck remains outstanding. The half-model format allows parts to be less structural because they are mounted to the backboard, not having to support any weight or shock. It is AN IDEAL format for models that have to be shipped any distance. The hull is mounted through the backboard with steel screws. The backboard is 1/2" Gator-foam, faced with fiber laminates...
VERY tough material.



Little Bird





Steve McMurtry on Whale Boats & Oars:
Steve displayed accessories to his *Charles W. Morgan*. He brought seven whaleboats and a whole big bunch of oars and sweeps. The hulls were made of lifts carved out. Ribbed, thwarted and complete with centerboards, so far.

CW Morgan Whaleboats

"The boat shells were made using the laminate or bread-and-butter technique. Wall thicknesses of the hulls is a thin as 0.030" so some technique was needed to assure that each hull was identical and that I didn't go through when carving. To do this I made a template for the fore-aft centerline of the hull and a set of templates at each plan station for the outside of the hull. I made a similar set mounted to a longitudinal template for the inside. I used a very sharp set of miniature carving knives to do the work. After carving the shells I made the centerboard trunks and mounted them, followed by the thwart supports and thwarts. It seemed too complex to make all the full frames and they are mostly covered by internal planking so I just ran them from the top of the planking to the gunwale line. After sanding the frames off flush I installed the gunwales. Other details were added per the plans to scale. The only work remaining to complete the boats is adding the loggerheads and some small details in the bow section.

The oars were made from single pieces of 0.031" bass. I cut the rough shape of each one and then sanded to get the finished piece. There are 5 oars and a steering oar, each of different lengths for each boat. That meant making 42 oars."



Skipper McM tells of his lift method for making small whaleboats and a whole lot of tiny oars and sweeps. The template / spine to the right is for making interiors uniform.



*Chesapeake Bay
Poquoson
Log Canoe
circa 1898*

LOA 28'-4"
Beam 6'-2"
Draft 3'-8"



Small Craft Illustration #15 by Irwin Schuster
irwinschuster@verizon.net



As most of us know, stainless steel is not stainless under some conditions. Cleaning such parts (especially small items) can be rather involved. One approach, according to an article in the January 2019 issue of *Sail* (p57) is to soak the item(s) in diluted citric acid. The method will only work for small items that can fit in a pot, but you might find the idea useful.

I spent a good part of my life working on boats and cars. The usual pattern seems to be for the project to multiply in terms of cost and time as other problems are discovered while working on the original project. One time I was helping friend with a drive shaft alignment problem. By the time we were through we had rebuilt the motor mounts. Such is now the case with our house, which was hit by a large pine tree when Hurricane Michael came through. The damage assessor sent by the insurance company came by and made his assessment. The engineer required by the building permit office did his review and submitted his report. The building contractor recommended by the insurance company sent in a roofer to fix the busted trusses and the like. Once the roofer took a look at the damage in the garage, he found there was more damage than reported. Sounds like one of my boat or car repair projects.

Wintertime is when one works on one's boat. Some people need to go to the marina where the boat is either floating or setting up on stands. Others are fortunate (?) enough to bring the boat home on a trailer. Until we purchased the Sisu 26, the boats came home on the trailer and things were repaired as time (and weather) permitted. With the Sisu 26 I had to do the work on the boat at Shell Point (since trailering a boat of that size requires a number of permits) which required making sure that I had all the tools and parts needed before the hour's drive to the coast. An advantage to owning a hearse is that there is a lot of room for tools, repair parts and the rest. Sometimes a second trip was needed when the part could not be fixed onsite.



For major repairs I took the boat to a nearby marina for their staff to do the work, as they had the equipment and time. Since everyone was local and we all knew each other, the work was of great quality, reasonably priced and I did not have to do it. From some of the remarks of neighbors, who went to other marinas or did the work themselves, I was fortunate in my choice of marina for these repairs.

A concern with storing a boat on the trailer in the yard when freezing weather comes through our area (at least a few times every winter) is the engine and its fresh water cooling system. Even with antifreeze in the freshwater side of the cooling system, one can never be sure. Some of my acquaintances had the antifreeze in the cooling system and still had problems. Then there were those who fished in fresh water (or flushed out the raw water side of the system) and did not get everything drained thoroughly. Since my trailerable boats were either I/O or inboard, I used a 100w work light cage under the engine to keep things warm when the temperature dropped. One friend protected the boat's outboard motor with a canvas cover and the light hung underneath so the heat from the light was held in by the cover. It worked for him.

A 100w light bulb can get very hot in a work light cage and the surrounding non metal surface should be protected. My advantage with both the I/O and the inboard engines was that I had a metal pan under the engines that ran the length of the engine and transmission to catch any oil/transmission fluid leaks. The pan not only collected any

fluid leaks, it also made a fine place to set the light bulb under the engine and away from the hull and other boat parts.

As a leak collector, the pan had a drain plug at the aft end. Thus, I could remove the oil pan plug and drain the engine oil into the pan and then put a bucket under the plug at the aft end of the oil pan and collect the engine oil. A little cleanup of the pan and all was well with little mess. If I was doing the project again, I would put the plug in a corner of the metal pan so I could "tilt" the boat (and thus the pan) to drain the oil out through the corner.

In the early 1960s fellow students at Manatee Junior College were talking about getting the mercury out of a sunken submarine they had found in the Gulf of Mexico. This was early in scuba development and diving depths were fairly limited. Some research showed that getting to the mercury ballast in the sub was not feasible. However, depth is not longer a major factor and there is a lot of "stuff" out there if you are interested and have the necessary gear.

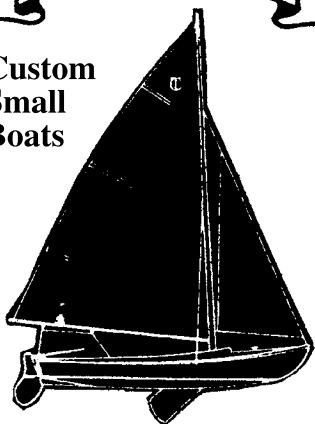
Want some good coal for the fireplace or furnace? First, get permission from the US government and then devise a way to bring it to the surface from about 100' down and covered with mud and silt. The coal is from the *USS San Diego* (ACR-6) that sank July 19, 1918 off Fire Island, New York. The ship was carrying a large amount of coal on the deck in preparation for a trip across the Atlantic. The coal dumped when the ship rolled before sinking.

Want a tank, large truck or other such stuff? While damaged by salt water immersion, there is a lot of material on the bottom along the Atlantic coast from merchant ship losses in WW II. One source of where to look is *World War II Shipwrecks* which is an ArcGIS map showing a non exhaustive selection of shipwrecks from ships sunk during World War II between September 1939 and December 1945. <www.arcgis.com/home/item.html?id=14b4d42b21f64a2bb69fa1d2389fabdf> or search the site title to get a direct link to the map.



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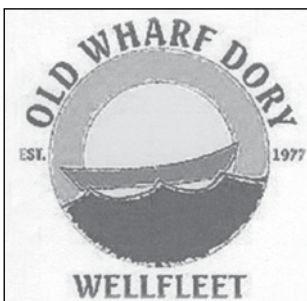
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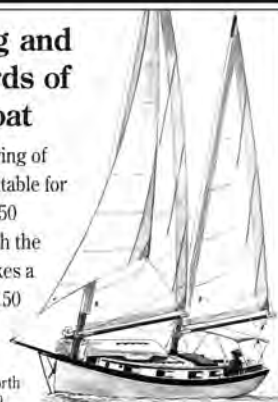
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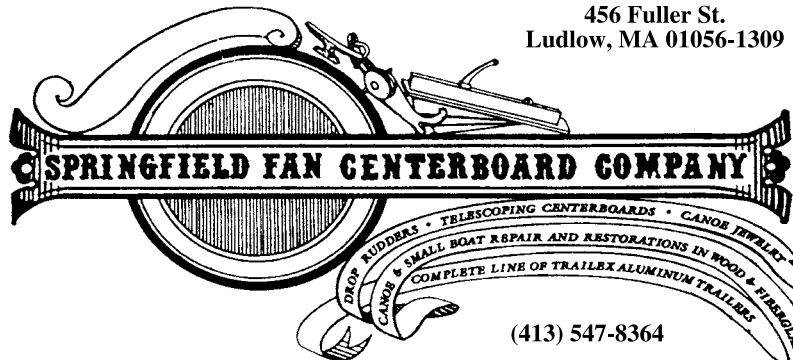
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17' Rangeley Guideboat, Frank Barrett built '36, professionally restored, w/oars, oarlocks. Stored indoors. \$3,900. CHUCK DEVINE, Slingerlands, NY, (518) 439-8501. (2)

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8' Dinghy that's been sitting upside down on my beach for years. It's in the water because of some extreme high water we had after 7" of rain the other day. It's a solid fg factory made boat, yours for the asking. I should warn you that it's a heavy little sumbitch, especially for us old dudes. DAVE LUCAS, Bradenton, FL, skipjack@tam-pabay.rr.com (3)

'37 Bigelow Built Catboat, refastening mostly complete, w/newer sail. On trlr good for local travel. Asking \$1,500 obo. **12' Beetle Cat**, needs deck canvas and minor TLC. On good trlr w/complete rig, no sail. Asking \$1,200. **16' Whitehall Bare Hull**, \$1,000 firm.

JOHN WHEBLE, Kingston, MA, (781) 738-2716. (2)

Clark Craft 6' Sailing Dinghy Kit, Model PB-2, omplete, still in the original shipping box. Kit consists of pre-cut mahogany gunwales and marine plywood sides/bottom/transom. Originally purchased as a small fly fishing vessel, but useable as a tender, small sailboat, or for rowing around the pond. A great entry-level builder's kit. Guaranteed by seller to be complete, with all pieces in good shape and ready for construction. The boat kit is in Keene, NH.

MIKE MELKAVITCH, [mailto:mekavitch@gmail.com?subject=Boat kit](mailto:mailto:mekavitch@gmail.com?subject=Boat%20kit) (2)

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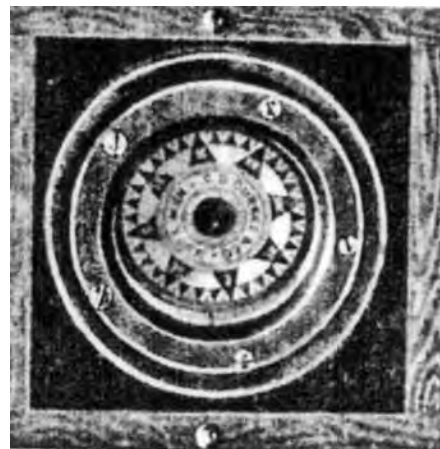
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BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Copy of the Stations, (paper or cardboard would be ok) for a small 10'-12' canoe. I am also looking for a used set of plans. I want to build it without epoxy or glue. If you have any questions, please feel free to contact me.

DALE A. JENSON, 504 E. Fulton St., Edgerton, WI, 53534, (608) 884-4142, drjturkey@aol.com (3)





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Thank you, Bob Hicks, Editor/Publisher







Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

Pretty Fancy Boat, Huh?



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It's a shame to post this painting in black & white. I'll just have to ask you to use your imaginations. The bird at the top, slightly left of center is bright red. Much of the sky is blue, the snowflakes and sun are white and the fence and tree are black. Sadie is 7 years old, Justin's oldest child. Shortly after they bought the company Justin and Ian's wives said, "You're going *where?*"

They were referring to the endless shows to which Steve and I took our boats. Perhaps 50 per year. They were the primary way we knew to sell boats. "We've got little babies here. You're not going anywhere." And they didn't. Oh, maybe 3 or 4 shows, but nothing like the Cannonball Run that Steve and I were on. Seattle, Miami, Chicago, Atlanta, Houston, Dallas, Madisonville, Louisiana and the other 43 shows we did that year. Measure that in terms of transmissions, gas, food, motels, show fees and replaced engines on our Suburbans and you'll see why Justin and Ian are making twice the money Steve and I ever did. Amazing, isn't it?, all the things that go into creating and running a business. Not that the work that Steve and I did was wrong, it surely gets a share of Justin and Ian's current success. Added to their hard work, long weeks, wonderful designs and a passion for quality. I am quite proud of the level at which they accepted their new company....and the level to which they have lifted it. Sometime this Spring Justin and Ian will be showing their boats at the Smithsonian. Stay tuned.

I'm sure if you ask him, Justin will happily send you a copy of Sadie's painting in color. It's worth the stamp you don't have to put on your e-mail.

